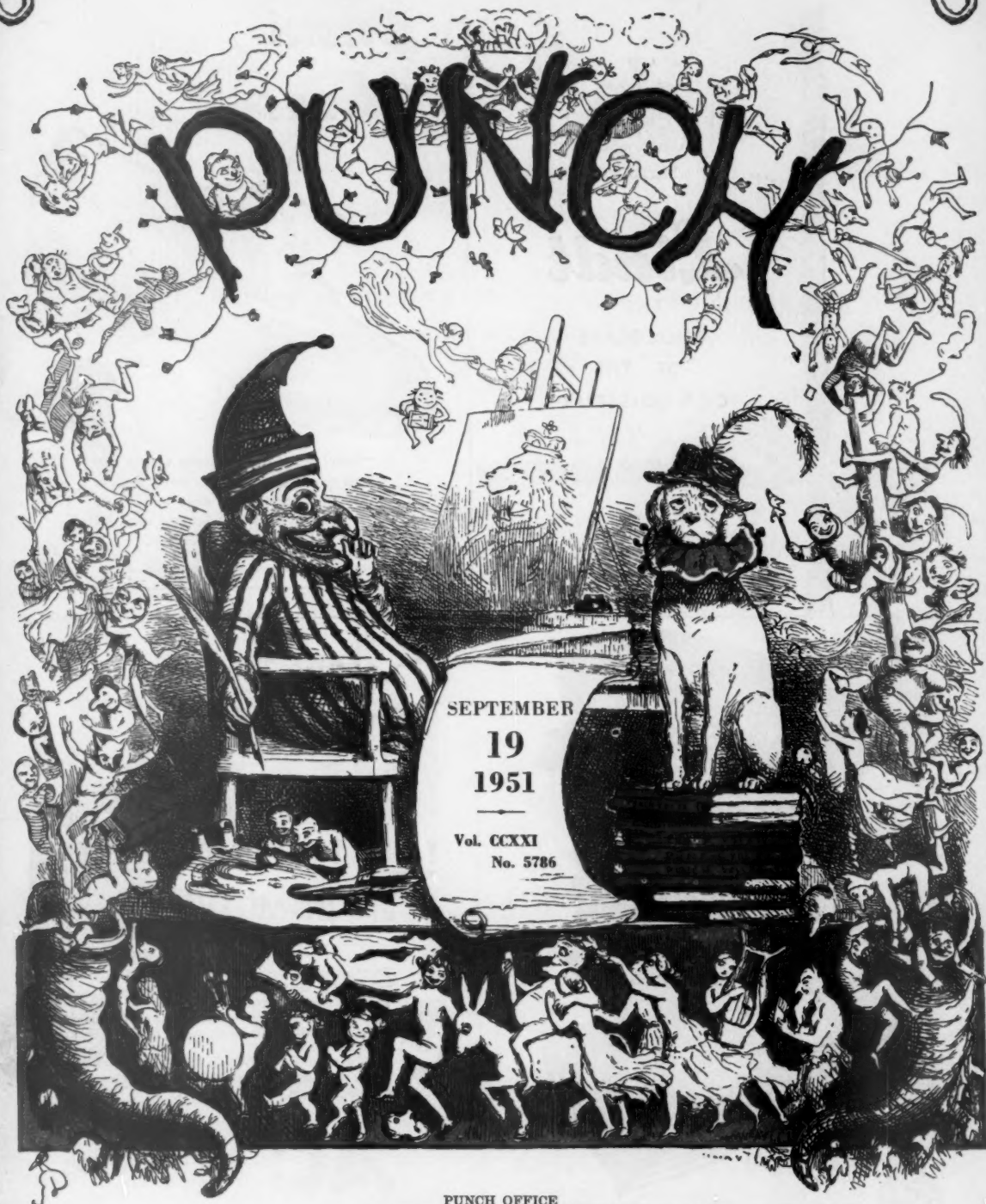


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 19 1951

6^d

SEPTEMBER

19
1951Vol. CCXXI
No. 5786PUNCH OFFICE
10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E.C.4



Lindt

THE
CHOCOLATE
OF THE
CONNOISSEUR



PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES
MEDIUM OR MILD

(NOC 717)

Swan Shoes



"Swan" Model LU443. Sturdy country wear crepe sole brogue. In antique brown, beige, or dark brown suede. Swan shoes are made by fine craftsmen and sold at the better shops and stores throughout the United Kingdom.

For men's shoes by CROCKETT & JONES LTD., NORTHAMPTON, ask for *Health Brand*

CVS-171

How to Dirt-Proof

YOUR ENGINE OIL

and prevent **THIS**



Dirty oil wastes your money. It clogs piston-ring slots, gums-up valve stem guides and constricts oil passages.

Your AC Oil Filter goes on filtering out the clogging sludge, dirt and grit which grind away engine efficiency — until the element is packed solid.



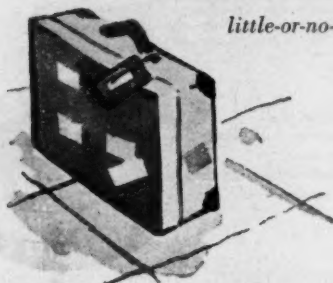
DRIVE WITH DIRT-PROOF OIL, by getting a good garage to change your AC Filter Element or AC Filter Cartridge at least every 8,000 miles.

AC oil Filters

AC-SPHINX SPARK PLUG COMPANY, DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS LIMITED, DUNSTABLE, ENGLAND

Surely that's

a very small suitcase for such a long weekend (tea at the Fleming's on Friday, the fete on Saturday, church and chat on Sunday, Pat's 21st birthday dance on Monday with tennis and ten-mile strolls in between, not to mention bathing if the weather still holds) . . . Can she have tumbled to the non-crushing, crease-resisting, easy-washing, quick-drying, little-or-no-ironing, eye-taking wizardry of



Nylon

British Nylon Spinners Ltd., Pentypool, Mon.



Goodnight, goodnight,
as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart
as that within my breast.
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii, sc. 2

Easy sleep, blessed sleep, sleep as the poets sing it . . . this you will enjoy if you choose

SOMNUS BEDDING

FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE

Obtainable from all good house furnishers
WILLIAM RHODES LIMITED, CARLTON CROSS MILLS, LEEDS, 2
also at The Wells Road, Nottingham

IRISH LINEN DOUBLE DAMASK

Table Cloth

with Rose and Ribbon design



These cloths are our own manufacture and are specially woven with a design incorporating the British Rose and Ribbon.

Size 54 x 54 ins. Each 32/-
Postage 9d

Size 63 x 63 ins. Each 43/8

Table Napkins to Match Size 22 x 22 ins.
Per dozen 71/4

Orders over £1 10 values post free

ROBINSON & CLEAVER

THE LINEN HALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Also at Belfast, Liverpool and Bournemouth.



The Jones's have got an A.B. Fire

Everyone wants the comfort of an A.B. Fire and no wonder. It burns all day, all night, all winter. Every morning you have a warm room to come down to. It is extremely economical and makes the most of all types of fuel, including wood and coal dust; it needs the minimum of attention and is easy to clean. If fitted to a fireplace with a back boiler the A.B. provides constant hot water, particularly first thing in the morning when it is really needed. Made in seven wipe-clean finishes. Prices from £4. 9. 6.

We invite you to send for a copy of our new leaflet in full colour. We shall also send you the name of your nearest distributor.

AB FIRE

FEDERATED SALES LTD. (Dept. G3), 80 GROSVENOR STREET, LONDON, W.1



In character, manners, style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity; in interior decoration this is most readily achieved by the use of Walpamur Quality Paints.



THE WALPAMUR CO LTD - DARWEN AND LONDON

STAINES

Auto-Sink

FULLY PATENTED

Revolutionizes Washing-up

No longer is it a laborious, messy, troublesome job. The biggest pile of washing-up can be done quickly, spotlessly, and hygienically by vigorous under-water brushing by revolving nylon brushes. See how those greasy, food-encrusted saucepans and dishes become immaculately clean in a few seconds! See how the hands are protected from constant wetting! See how much longer the soap lasts! Who'll do the washing-up? Anyone will, gladly, with the 'Auto-Sink'! Write now for folder!



Revolving nylon brushes clean saucepans in seconds. Friction does it.

Brushes instantly removable, leaving sink ready for clothes washing, etc.

★ SEND NOW FOR FOLDER 'Goodbye to Drudgery!'
STAINES KITCHEN EQUIPMENT CO. LTD., 94 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.
Phone: Victoria 9772/3/4; 5403/4.



"Good gracious! What's all the noise?"

"It's Willie, Mum. He's tumbled off the bed, leaning over to see himself in your 'Mansion' polished floor."

For dark woods use **DARK MANSION**

Tins 10d., 1/6 and 5/-



Does every day mirror your beauty?

Not if you rely on a little lipstick and a lot of optimism. Begin each morning with the new Yardley Make-Up Base. Now even creamier than before, this lasting matt foundation prevents afternoon shine. Smooth it thinly over face and neck. Next cloud on Yardley Complexion Powder. Finally highlight your beauty with one of the nine vibrant shades of Yardley lipstick. Follow this simple routine and radiance is yours, reflected daily in admiring glances.

YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON



Drink
Rayner's
Lembar
 all the year
 hot or cold

Lemons
 Glucose
 Scotch Barley
 Sugar



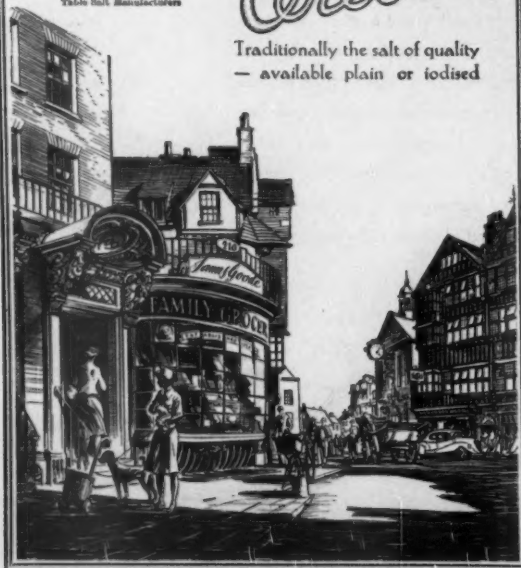
MADE BY RAYNER AND COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, N.18



By Appointment
 Table Salt Manufacturers

Carrebol's

Traditionally the salt of quality
 — available plain or iodised



Prestige
The finest of fine knives



The great popularity of 'Prestige' cutlery speaks for the unusually high quality of these handsome knives. Hollow-ground blades of finest stainless steel; graceful rosewood handles—these special 'Prestige' features combine to set a new tradition in cutlery and provide a lifetime of better cutting and carving. Available as sets in polished hardwood holders or in single pieces.

Prestige

HOLLOW-GROUND CUTLERY

Insist on 'Prestige'—from your favourite store!



*A Man who eats only to appease his stomach
when he might also pleasure his palate is twice a fool
for he doth indifferent service to the one
while abusing the other*

HERBS AND SPICES have long lent delight to the cooking of every race. Immemorially, those from the East have been prized by Western connoisseurs for their exquisite delicacy, their subtle pungency. Once, only princely palates knew the delectable titillation of Oriental herbs and spices. But, in the 20th century, untold thousands can revel in dishes made lordly with the rare herbs and spices that are found in every bottle of Lea & Perrins, the original and genuine Worcestershire Sauce.

LEA & PERRINS

*By Appointment Purveyors of Worcestershire Sauce
to H.M. King George VI*



"Nell Gwynn"TM
Marmalade
Famous for fine Quality

*If any difficulty in
obtaining supplies
write to:*

CROSBIE'S PURE FOOD CO LTD

FACTORIES: SOUTHALL, MIDX. CHESHAM, LANCASHIRE, WHITEHOUSE, HANTS. LAM. N. IRELAND.
EXPORT DEPOT: BRISTOL, ENGLAND

See how little it costs to equip your kitchen with this lovely glass ovenware!



PYREX brand UTILITY PLATE

*—Why not start a dinner service
of Pyrex ware?*

3 sizes. No. 302 1/6

PYREX BRAND oven-table glassware provides a complete answer to the housewife's search for perfect cooking utensils. It's lovely to look at, lovely to handle and saves both fuel and labour. There'll never be a day on which you don't use Pyrex brand ovenware.



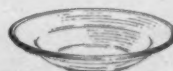
PYREX brand OVAL PIE DISH

—as well as for pies, use it for oven-stewing fruit. 7 sizes. No. 401 10d.



PYREX brand UTILITY DISH

—with many uses, from baked fish to mixed grill. In 2 sizes. No. 231 5/-



PYREX brand SOUP PLATE

—heat-retaining glass keeps soup really hot. No. 309 3/-



PYREX brand CEREAL PLATE

—grand for the children's breakfast, or for puddings. No. 1481 1/2



PYREX brand SCALLOPED SHELLS

—for individual sweets or dressing up left-overs. 2 sizes. No. 480 9d.



PYREX brand MIXING BOWL

—a welcome new recruit to help the housewife. In 3 sizes. No. 301 3/6



PYREX brand OCTAGONAL CASSEROLE

—cooks gently, evenly. Use lower half for salads. No. E. 205 5/3



PYREX brand STREAMLINE CASSEROLE

—Have you got all four sizes of this casserole? No. S. 244 3/6

PYREX
oven-table glassware



All Pyrex brand ovenware carries a 12 months' free replacement guarantee against breakage by oven-heat. It is made by James A. Felling & Co. Limited, Wear Glass Works, Sunderland.

Danger— DRAUGHTS AHEAD!



Did you suffer last winter from cold and discomfort—due to DRAUGHTS? Are you prepared to do so again THIS winter season?

There is no need, when HERMESEAL can provide a permanent solution to all draught problems in your home or office. But Autumn demand and restrictions in supply will mean delay and disappointment unless you **TAKE ACTION NOW**—BEFORE the cold weather comes again.

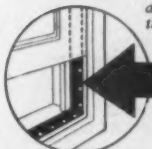
DRAUGHT-EXCLUSION BY HERMESEAL IN YOUR HOME OR OFFICE MEANS JUST THIS—

- ★ PREVENTION of cold air leakage through ill-fitting doors and windows—the major cause of DRAUGHTS—by as much as 95%.
- ★ CONSERVATION of heat through the great reduction in the excess number of internal air changes.
- ★ SAYING of fuel, so vitally important these days, combined with a marked INCREASE in room temperatures, and general living comfort.

We are at your service. May we send you full details?

HERMESEAL consists of a specially designed strip of phosphor-bronze alloy which is fitted by our own technicians into any type of door or window. It is permanent and carries a ten year guarantee, and will more than repay its cost in a few winter seasons.

Our local representative will be pleased to call.



HERMESEAL

means warmer homes

BRITISH HERMESEAL LTD.

Head Office: 4, PARK LANE, LONDON, W.1. Telephone: GROvenor 4324 (3 lines)



Which will you choose—

'Labrador', sleekly rippling and doggedly

faithful to you for life, or 'Lamkurl', soft and curly and lasting, attractive as its namesake? Difficult isn't it? Better have both.

Labrador and Lamkurl rugs



made by *Sisters* OF BRADFORD

The colours are wonderful, rich and glowing—jewel-like. Any good store will show you the colour chart, and there are three shapes...

Circular



Half-moon



Rectangular



When Summer Comes . . .

. . . The warm tracery of Summer sunlight steals further into the room bringing to life all the delicate colours and hidden charm of your Royal Venton Fireplace—in Summer and Winter the pride of your home.



Royal Venton

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Sleep Deeper



wake fresher

ECONOMISE, TOO! Here is the mattress that beats everything in deep, sleep-giving comfort, in convenience and in real economy, since it long outlasts all ordinary mattresses. And what work DUNLOPILLO saves! What ease it offers! This mattress gives you deep relaxing comfort derived from pure, foamy latex—the material that cannot lump or bunch up, that is entirely hygienic, that is 'air-conditioned' for easy sleep in any weather and any climate. A DUNLOPILLO mattress,

PRICES RANGE FROM
£13. 15. 0 for a single bed size "Famous Four" to
£30. 15. 0 for a double bed super comfort "Deep Six"
Mattress.

SEE YOUR FURNISHER NOW

moreover, never needs turning or re-making or airing. It creates neither dust nor fluff. It has nothing to rust or creak or wear out. And it **KEEPS** its perfect resilience and shape all through its long life!

There's nothing as good as



You can feel the foam
comfort in DUNLOPILLO

DUNLOPILLO

THE MATTRESS THAT COSTS LESS BY LASTING LONGER

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLET TO:

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD. (DUNLOPILLO DIVISION), RICE LANE, WALTON, LIVERPOOL 9

LONDON: 19/20 NEW BOND STREET, W.1

FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

10/033

Burglars welcome!



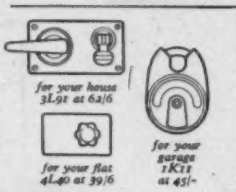
LEAVING your home empty needn't be a great risk. But don't advertise your absence. Cancel the newspapers and the milk. Lock the back door. Fasten the windows.

All those points attract the burglar. But an easy lock on the front door will positively ask him in. That door is the most important door — to you and to the burglar. It must have an anti-burglar lock.

Unbeatable Locks

Chubb anti-burglar locks have been famous for 133 years. They

cannot be picked. Check up on your locks today. If you're not sure of them — fit Chubb. You'll feel safer. Most iron-mongers stock them.



FIT CHUBB LOCKS

Send for booklet "How a burglar works — and how to stop him." Chubb & Son's Lock & Safe Co. Ltd. 40-42 Oxford St. London W1



What greater pleasure than giving...

Prunier

One of the most acceptable gifts at this season is surely a bottle of good brandy.

"Hostellerie" Cognac is an unusually fine liqueur brandy and at 50/- represents remarkable value. The attractive gift decorated box and two beautiful liqueur glasses as illustrated are quite free. For those special names on your gift list make "Hostellerie" a priority and send an order to your wine merchants now.



PRICE 50/-
Complete with glasses

Prunier B. & S. Cognac also packed in a box with two free glasses is excellent value at 44/- complete.

JAS. PRUNIER & CO., 60 Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.3



GAUTENS
DORMITORIES
OFFICES
WELFARE CENTRES
FACTORY EXTENSIONS
WORK SHOPS
STORES

An Industrial Problem Solved

FACTORY-MADE UNITS for immediate erection. For Buildings of unlimited length in single span widths from 10ft. to 30ft. Double or triple spans up to 90ft.

Supplied **FREE** of LICENCE, these Buildings are made from an exceptionally high grade timber. The one illustrated is a typical example and, according to size, the cost can be as low as 7/- a foot of floor area.

SPECIAL DESIGNS can also be undertaken. The illustrated catalogue (free on request) will suggest many possibilities. Experts are at your service to discuss details.

Blacknells

Factory-Made Buildings for Instant Erection
H. & H. BLACKNELL LTD.
Dept. B.5, FARNBOROUGH, HANTS.
Tele: Farnborough, Hants 106 & 107



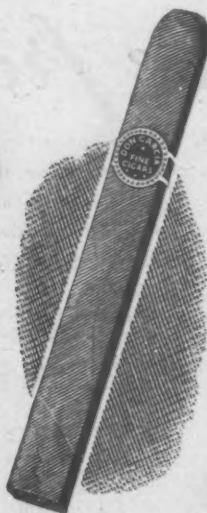
A fine Cigar

Widely known as "the first cigar for the best days," Don Garcias are wrapped with the finest *Havana* leaf (see label on box) and made in five sizes. In boxes of 25 and smaller packings.

DON GARCIA

"The First Cigar for the best days"

In case of difficulty in obtaining Don Garcias write to Don Garcia Bureau, 11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1 for name of nearest supplier.



Perfection in protection



Superlative Rainwear at sensible prices from most good outfitters

Write for address of your nearest stockist.

ROBERT HIRST & CO. LTD.
Hammerin House, Hammerin Street, BRADFORD.

BEA *Introduces* THE ELIZABETHAN

This is BEA's new aeroplane — The Elizabethan.

In its spacious pressurized cabin there is comfortable accommodation for 47 passengers, who are served by both a steward and a stewardess.

The high wing position and large windows give each passenger an unsurpassed view. Cruising at between four and five miles a minute, the all-British Airspeed Elizabethan cuts flying time between London and Paris to approximately 80 minutes.

BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS



**"City streets or country lanes—
it's all the same to me—since I fitted
John Bull tyres."**

"The thousands of miles I've driven on these tyres have given me implicit faith in their road-grip, reliability, long mileage—it's all there. In fact, I've come to the conclusion that John Bull represent the greatest tyre value obtainable today."

*** Why motorists prefer John Bull**

Because they are designed and built to give extra service and value. Economic distribution—from Factory to Garage without intermediate handling charges—makes possible a saving which is put into the tyre itself.



JOHN BULL

THICKER • WIDER • SAFER

MFA/7/51



Where
every
prospect
pleases

*Ideally situated amidst
glorious Devon scenery,
abounding in amenities,
with perfection in appointments
and cuisine, the Palace Hotel
provides a holiday which is
a pleasure to anticipate and a
delight to look back upon.*

The **Palace Hotel**
Torquay

Write for Brochure 'E'. Manager: George Conquest
PHONE: TORQUAY 2271

.. say
Bulmer's
for cider



A round of Bulmer's
pleases everyone.
Bulmer's is sparkling,
refreshing and excel-
lent value. Have
family flagons at home
and small bottles in
restaurants and bars.

**2½ lbs. of apples
to every flagon**

H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD., HEREFORD



FRANCE

for Winter Sports

MAGNIFICENT snowfields surrounding some of the best-equipped resorts in Europe attract more and more British winter sports enthusiasts each year. Swift communications by rail, road and air lead to hundreds of hotels, from "Palaces" to simple chalets. Splendid runs on the sunlit snow give an appetite worthy of the traditional good food and wine of France.

A Sportsman's paradise in FRANCE

(Ask for the French Winter Sports Booklet)
Consult your Travel Agent, or the

French Government Tourist Office, 179 Piccadilly, London, W.1




COINCIDING with the introduction to the European market of this world-famous Contour 6 Electric Dry Shaver, the Dealer Wholesale Division of Remington Rand Ltd., takes pride in announcing that the first European Sales Conference will be held in London during the month of September.

Delegates from Sweden, Norway, Germany, Netherlands, Belgium, France and Switzerland will be afforded the opportunity of inspecting the British organisation and of visiting the Remington Rand factories at Glasgow, Weybridge and Park Royal.

Visits will also be made to the numerous Regional and Branch Offices throughout the Country, and opportunities afforded for observing the methods which have contributed to the phenomenal growth of the Remington Rand organisation in Great Britain.

They will also be able to observe the weight and power of its export effort and to note the contribution it is making towards a higher standard of efficiency and prosperity.

REMINGTON RAND LTD



BY ROYAL COMMAND

'Take a shop,' said the Prince, and Mr. Marcovitch, who, a hundred years ago, was making his cigarettes in an obscure room near Piccadilly knew that their excellence had made him famous. Ever since, Marcovitch Cigarettes have been made to the same high standards as won the approval of that Eminent Personage and his friends; they are rolled of the very finest tobacco, for the pleasure of those whose palates appreciate perfection.



Marcovitch

BLACK AND WHITE

cigarettes for Virginia smokers
25 for 5/5

Also **BLACK AND WHITE**
SMOKING MIXTURE
2 oz. tin 9/6

ISSUED BY GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD



IN White Horse, under the hand of Time, a great and generous spirit has learned to be gentle. To know is to delight in its mild good manners; outcome of ancient skill and endless patience. By its character subdued and superb, by its delicate bouquet and heartening glow, the true judge recognises a very aristocrat among whiskies.

WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky



IN LEICESTERSHIRE



OF LEICESTER SQUARE



Features include:—
M.G. wish-bone type independent front wheel suspension.
Piston-type hydraulic dampers.
Powerful hydraulic brakes.
Walnut fascia panel.
Leather upholstery.

The classic British styling of the One and a Quarter Litre M.G. Saloon fits naturally into every setting with well-mannered grace and distinction . . . a country thoroughbred today, tonight a city sophisticate . . . Coil-spring independent front and well-damped rear suspension ensure comfortable cruising at sixty over the roughest of roads. A roomy saloon with sports car performance, this M.G. incorporates all the latest developments in design and construction without forsaking any of its traditional character.

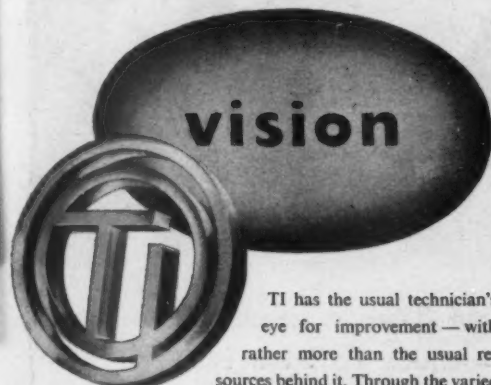
ONE AND A QUARTER LITRE



SALOON

THE M.G. CAR COMPANY LIMITED, SALES DIVISION, COWLEY, OXFORD
London Showrooms: University Motors Ltd., Stratton House, 80 Piccadilly, W.1
Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1

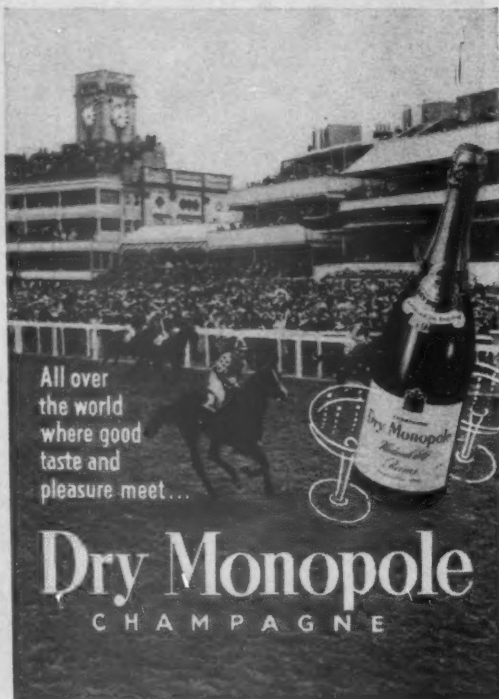
Safety fast!
N HUFFIELD PRODUCTS



TI has the usual technician's eye for improvement—with rather more than the usual resources behind it. Through the varied products of its forty-nine factories, TI is linked with all of Britain's major industries. TI factories produce wrought aluminium alloy products, precision steel tubes, cold rolled metal sections, electrical equipment, electrical accessories, high pressure cylinders, paint, gland packings, light motor cycles, bicycles and cycle parts—countless components, and a long list of finished products. Given this broad insight into industrial trends, TI can often see the answers before the problems come.

TI's 49 FACTORIES SERVE THE WORLD
TUBE INVESTMENTS LIMITED

THE ADELPHI, LONDON W.C.2. (TRAFALGAR 8888)



All over
the world
where good
taste and
pleasure meet...

Dry Monopole
CHAMPAGNE

Sole representatives: Twiss & Brownings & Hallowes Ltd., 5, Laurence Pountney Hill, E.C.4

Monroe



The answer's a Monroe



MONROE

CALCULATING
MACHINE COMPANY LIMITED
10-11 ALBEMARLE ST., LONDON, W.1
GROsvenor 7541

Condition counts!



NEVER THIS

Every dog owner has seen this sorry sight—an unhappy listless dog, leaving his food uneaten, continually scratching. Don't let your dog get like that!



DOES YOUR DOG look as fit and as well cared for as these dogs? If not, it's because of your neglect.

Food and exercise are not enough. There are certain essentials which every dog must have every day to be really fit.

Bob Martin's Condition Powder Tablets contain Vitamin D and calcium, Vitamins of the B group and iron together with other necessary mineral elements.

Give one Bob Martin's once every day to your dog or puppy, and watch the difference it makes as he comes into condition. His tail will wag his thanks!



Daily Bob Martin's-doggy good health

CERIUM



CERIUM is one of the group of elements known as the "rare earth" metals, which are very similar to each other in chemical properties. The first steps in the discovery of this element were taken in 1751 when a 15-year-old Swedish boy Wilhelm Hisinger sent a sample of rock to the famous chemist Scheele. Hisinger thought that this rock, now known as the mineral "cerite", might contain a new metal; but Scheele failed to find it. More than twenty years later Hisinger himself discovered in cerite the new element cerium. Today the most important sources of the rare earth metals are deposits of monazite sand found in India and Brazil. Pure cerium is rarely produced, but in the form of "Mischmetall" — a mixture of rare earth metals — and in compounds with other elements it has a number of industrial uses. The luminosity of an electric arc light is increased if the carbon electrodes are impregnated with cerium fluoride during manufacture, and ceric sulphate is used in chemical analysis and in photography.

Mischmetall is used extensively to make lighter flints of which I.C.I. produces many millions every year for use in gas and cigarette lighters.



Discovery...



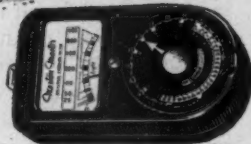
Jason sailed his little ship far into unknown seas before it brought him to the discovery of the Golden Fleece. Yet even the Argonauts could not have foreseen the journey of our modern Golden Fleece... that fine Sherry brought by Burgoyne's from the vineyards of far-off Australia. Pale golden, medium dry. Golden Fleece is indeed a discovery to the Sherry lover whose palate is critical yet whose pocket is grateful for a price modified by Imperial Preference.



problem picture...



Photographing a black cat in a coal cellar... how would you set your camera for a shot like that? The Weston 'Master' Universal Exposure Meter enables you to take perfectly exposed photographs every time, in bright light or dull, indoors or out. Its photo-electric cell is accurate and stable—its movement is jewelled like a watch. Ask your photographic dealer to show you the Weston 'Master'—the world's finest exposure meter.

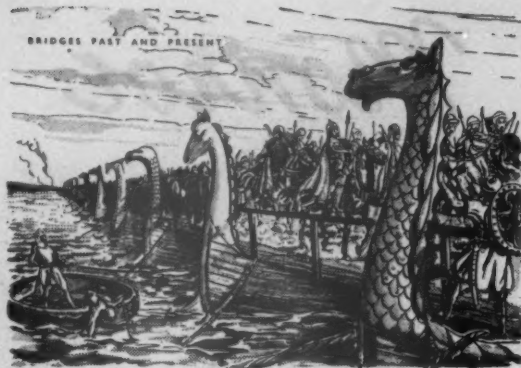


CINE TOO!... Ask also to see the Weston 'Master' Cine Exposure Meter—specially designed for use with all types of cine camera. It gives instantaneous readings during "takes" without manipulation.

You need a **WESTON Master** exposure meter more than ever for "different" pictures

from photographic dealers everywhere.
UNIVERSAL or CINE Model
Price in U.K. (inc. P.T.) £9.15.0
Leather case £1.1.5

SANGAMO WESTON LIMITED · ENFIELD · MIDDLESEX
Tel.: Enfield 3434 (6 lines) and 1243 (4 lines). Grams: Sanwest, Enfield
Branches: Glasgow · Manchester · Newcastle-on-Tyne · Leeds · Liverpool
Wolverhampton · Nottingham · Bristol · Southampton · Brighton



The Bridge of Boats

Xerxes the First of Persia solved the problem of transporting an army across a mile-wide stretch of water by building the Bridge of Boats. Nowadays, bridging a large expanse of water is done efficiently and permanently by linking together a series of spans. Cleveland have built this type and many other types of bridge in all parts of the world.

CLEVELAND builders of bridges

EDFIMA BRIDGE — EGYPT
Built in 1932 by Cleveland. Crosses the Nile in four spans of 261 feet 6 inches, and swing span of 180 feet.



THE CLEVELAND BRIDGE & ENGINEERING CO. LTD., DARLINGTON



Our future is worth while

My Prudential 'Heritage Endowment' policy meant adjusting my personal budget: not much, just a little more care over the odd shillings. But the future is worth while—worth some small personal sacrifice. You see, at 65 I shall draw a large cash sum to augment my State pension. If I die within twenty years from the date I took out the policy, my family will receive an immediate cash payment, a regular income to help them over the difficult years and then a final cash payment.

If I die after the 20 years but before 65 an immediate cash payment is available.

Ask the man from
the PRUDENTIAL



The Wolf Rock Lighthouse . . BUILT 1860-1871

The Wolf Rock, so named because of a strange howling sound made by the wind at this spot, was a much more difficult position on which to erect a lighthouse than the Lizard or the Eddystone, as the rock itself was small and was only two feet above water at low tide.

At one time it was proposed to place a bell buoy near it; but the local fishermen threatened to cut it adrift if it were put there, saying it would frighten the fish.

Eventually, the Wolf was marked by a steel beacon which was visible only by day. In 1860 Trinity House decided to erect a lighthouse on the Rock, despite all the very real difficulties, and built the firm lighthouse which stands there today. It took eleven years to complete and rises to a height of 110 feet.



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The courtiers attended countless masquerades and balls. They scattered priceless *objets d'art* amongst their friends as simple souvenirs. The ladies of quality sometimes even played at being milkmaids and shepherdesses. The men, too, were prone to vanities.

Frederick the Great, for example, prided himself as a dramatist. When he read his first tragedy to Voltaire, the latter was so withering in his scorn that the King promptly sent him to prison. After he was freed, Frederick started to read his second tragedy to Voltaire. Hardly had he begun

when the Frenchman made for the door.

"Where are you going, Monsieur?" asked the King.

"Into prison, sire."

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21



CHARIVARIA

In the Dean of Canterbury's view there are many reasons why we should pay tribute to Stalin. Driving a motor vehicle out of Berlin is apparently the latest of them.



Commenting on the T.U.C. conference, an American writer says "Your unions must produce a bigger pie!" Not, of course, the printers' unions.

"Bargains!—Don't miss free catalogue, brand new Army and 1,000 other useful bargains."

Advt. in "The Field"

N.A.T.O. had better make a bid before the Russians get it.

A Worcestershire man who likes to conduct his private correspondence in poetry recently wrote a verse letter to a Government department and received a verse reply. If he had been less fortunate he might easily have got just a stern reminder to renew his poetic licence.



"The Lancashire town of Rochdale—birthplace of Gracie Fields and of trade unionism—produced an even more unpleasant surprise for the City this week."

"Financial Times"

Say that again if you dare.

"One of the strangest things about a deep sea diver's life is that the surprises never seem to come at the time when you most expect them."—"Everybody's"

It depends what you mean by strange.

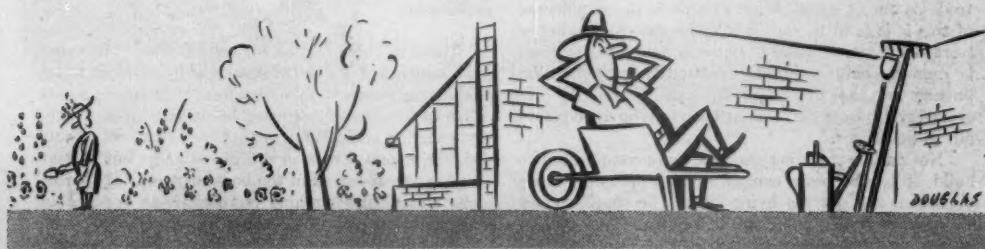
Mr. J. Guilfoyle Williams, author of *Home Laundering*, cleans his grey pinstripe jacket by wearing it in his bath and scrubbing it with soap and water. Then, presumably, he leans against the kitchen range to iron it.

"Casino. (Ger. 6877). Nightly, at 8.30 and 9. Visit the New Third and Best Latin Quarter. Luxury Musical of 1951."

Advt. in "The Times"

Enchanté, I'm sure.

The Minister of Supply recently gave a broadcast talk entitled "Speed the Scrap." The Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents is expected to counter with a talk entitled "Scrap the Speed."



ADVANCED FLYING

MANY of the people who flocked to Farnborough to see the latest wonders of the British aeronautical world in the Society of British Aircraft Constructors' display must have gone away with a comfortable feeling that Britain now led the world in aeroplane design. Look, they must have said to themselves, look at these supersonic jets with swept-back wings and Snarlers, capable of extremely high, or perhaps low, Mach numbers and constantly piercing the sonic barrier with a noise like a distant thunderclap. Don't tell me anyone has better aeroplanes than these.

Well, perhaps no one has; but it is time the public became aware that the aeroplane is a back-number, that in the light of new techniques in flying now being developed any flying-machine, be its jets never so powerful and its wings swept back ninety degrees, is as obsolete as a steel-studded tyre.

The new technique permits free flight by the individual, and the leaders in its development up to date are undoubtedly the Americans. Several systems are being used, but they all have this in common, that they depend on the wearing of special clothing that must be put on out of sight.

They can be considered under two heads—powered systems, as used by King of the Rocket-Men (now showing in weekly instalments at the Cameo in Charing Cross Road) and will-power systems, as employed most notably by Superman. Superman's system has obvious advantages over his rival's, as his special clothing, which consists of a pair of tight breeches, a singlet, and a loose cape, is light in weight and appears to go on quickly and easily; though admittedly nothing is known about its initial cost, or whether any special materials are used in its construction. It is possible, indeed, that the equipment comes from the planet Krypton, in which case the amassing of anything like an adequate stock-pile might well prove insuperably difficult.

King of the Rocket-men ("King" is a name in this instance, not a title) uses a more complex apparatus consisting of a close-fitting overall with what seem to be two small ram-jets mounted on the back and a small control panel at the waist. There is also a hood to fit over the head. Cumbersome as this appears, Mr. King never seems to have any difficulty in getting into it; though, like Superman, he always takes particular care to do so out of sight. What exactly is the significance of this it is hard to say; it may be that some kind of secret incantations have to be recited as the flying-suit is donned, or the simple explanation may be that putting on the flying-suit involves taking off the everyday trousers and cannot therefore be done before mixed audiences.

Not only is the King machine more complicated to build, it is also more complicated to operate. Once Superman has got his flying-kit on, he simply opens his eyes very wide (they are X-ray eyes, but that is by the way), looks once to each side of him, flexes his

knees, and leaps. Mr. King, however, has to fiddle with the little levers on his instrument panel. There is one that says "Up" and "Down," and one that says "Fast" and "Slow." To take off, he turns the first hard over to "Up" and makes a short run, at the end of which he rises at about forty-five degrees—a shallower angle of ascent than Superman's, and taken at a markedly lower speed.

Control in the air is also noticeably easier with the Superman suit. The hands are held flexibly before the face, apparently with no other object than to keep the wind out of the X-ray eyes, and a fully three-dimensional course can be followed, at very high speed, by purely mental processes. Wearers of the King rocket-suit have to stretch themselves out in the position of a racing swimmer making his initial dive, and steering a course involves a good deal of work with the instruments. Landing with the Superman equipment is made feet-foremost behind a convenient rock, a fixed smile on the face; Mr. King is seldom seen to land at all, contenting himself with setting his dial to "Down" and later making a safe appearance on the ground. Whatever his expression may be, it is hidden by the cowl of the suit.

On the above data there is no doubt that the Superman method scores all along the line. Unfortunately it is doubtful if an ordinary man could handle it. Superman can stop an express train with his bare hands, blow out a blazing motor-car with one puff, and remain immune to any lethal weapon except an exposed piece of kryptonite, a mineral rare on this planet; whereas Mr. King is merely an ordinarily strong and courageous man, who is quite frequently knocked out by no more than two thugs after a fight lasting no longer than a couple of minutes.

Whichever system is preferred, there is no doubt that the S.B.A.C. can put nothing into the air to rival them. The best British performer so far is Garth, whose flying-suit comprises a loose cloak and a steel helmet equipped with ornamental wings. It is true that the wings, when rotated on their swivel bases, confer invisibility on the wearer, and that by suitable manipulation the suit enables the user to travel through time; but the outfit appears to be unreliable in the extreme, and is always likely to land its owner in an era or on a planet quite remote from the one he was making for.

There is, then, no call for complacency. Rumours have been heard of a British-designed flying-cloak which enables the wearer to fly with a forty-degree sweep-back of his hands, thus facilitating his passage through the sonic barrier, and of another that can be put on without dodging behind a rock or a filing-cabinet; but no sign of it has yet appeared in the boys' papers or the serial-films, and until something more concrete appears we must resign ourselves to American supremacy.

B. A. YOUNG



"FINE, BOYS—THAT'LL GET THEM."

THE HUMAN TOUCH

I DON'T know how the *Daily Distress* found out about my three pounds, and I don't suppose I ever shall. Things seem to have come to such a pass that every time a man drops three new pound notes into the fire, sub-editors all up and down Fleet Street sob into their bicarbonate of soda. Their spies are everywhere—sharp-eyed men who earn a second income at home by their pens. I have always suspected

the quiet chap who sits in a corner of the snug at the "Goat and Chariot." He never misses a thing. Also he has three fountain-pens in his top pocket—and he was certainly present when I told my story.

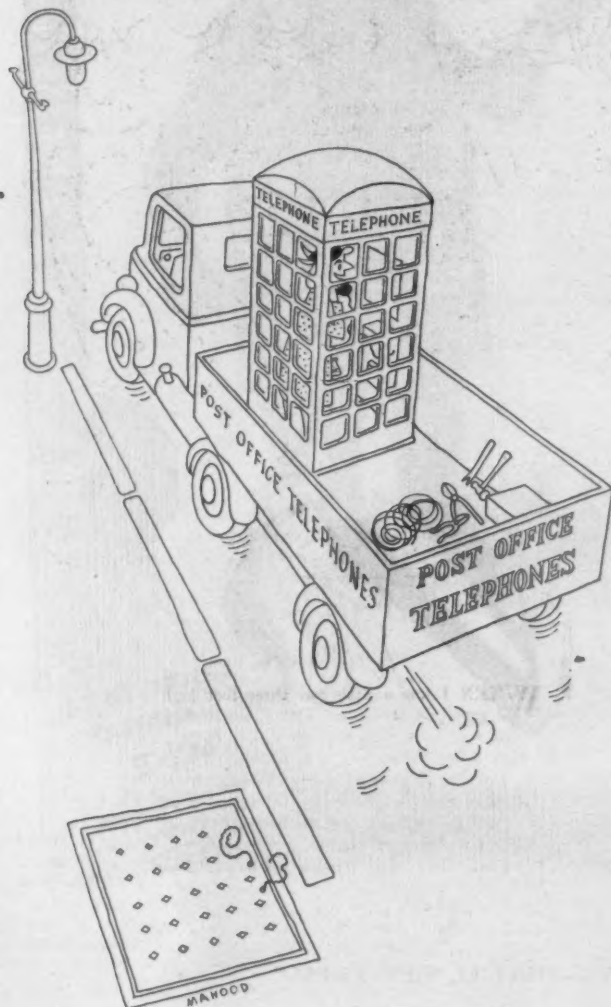
In the hurly-burly of subsequent events, I have tended to overlook the fact that I only actually burnt one pound: the other two fell into a bucket of oilbound distemper which happened to be

standing in the fireplace out of the way. But, according to the *Distress*, all three "went up in smoke." I suppose mistakes like that are pretty well bound to creep in. The long-distance telephone call—the breathless free-lance, gabbling with hysteria—the news editor, dog-tired, with one eye on the clock... One must make allowances.

But why I should have been described as a struggling decorator, or where the suggestion originated that it took me six months to save three pounds towards a second-hand paint-spray, I am at a loss to understand. It is true that I had done part of the kitchen in a light primrose, and stuck a couple of tiles back in the grate upside down: but nobody has ever asked me to give them an estimate, and I had borrowed the three pounds from Cora to put on some horses.

My name and address were very accurately reported indeed, and two days after the publication of the item the postman brought eleven registered packets, each containing five pounds from an anonymous well-wisher.

Breakfast was a nightmare. Pound notes were all over the place, and a man from an adjoining suburb rang up to ask if he could borrow my ladder and handcart. I couldn't finish my toast. Cora kept insisting, with inflexible feminine logic, that what was done was done. She said I could now repay her the three pounds, and for pity's sake go out and buy a few decent shirts once and for all. I said she was even less ethical than most women, and she burst into tears. A long telegram arrived from Dwygyfylehi, in which a person called Smith offered to pay for the schooling of any children I may have under the age of eight, or alternatively accommodate me in a small caravan behind his hen-house for six months in return for light work with the milk. Cora said "Go—go to Dwygyfylehi! You don't want to stay here tethered to an embezzler!" I left the house in a confused state of mind. At the front gate I passed two Boy Scouts bearing armfuls of whitewash brushes, and



a man with a tripod who seemed to be from *Picture Post*.

The week that followed was a busy one. I had to clear out the tool-shed to make room for the stocks of paint, varnish, thinners, undercoating and size which were delivered by road and rail in a steady stream. People kept calling to ask me to paper their houses from top to bottom, with promises of hot meals while I worked and time-and-a-half for Saturdays. Cora filled in her evenings by sorting through the piles of postal-orders, cheques and banknotes. Not counting the tins of paint and the brushes, our haul amounted to a hundred and four pounds six and tenpence, a brand-new chimney sweep's equipment, a half-share in an electroplating concern in Swindon, three offers of marriage, and a year's subscription to the *Public Works Digest*. Nobody thought of sending a paint-spray, even a second-hand one. They must be very handy for the corners. . . .

Fortunately, all ended happily. I passed on the magazine subscription to the Smiths of Dwygyfyllhi. Cora dealt with the offers of marriage. Everything else we sent to an unfortunate man called Beamish. The story in the *Daily Distress* of how he had dropped a pound and a half of back rashers from an Aer Lingus plane into the Mersey Estuary was so affecting that we simply couldn't resist. At the last moment Cora even added a tin of pilchards which she had been saving for my birthday.

The *Distress* will, I am sure, be glad to hear that last night I finished the fourth wall of the kitchen. And when I came to the bottom of the distemper-bucket, I found the third pound note. ALEX ATKINSON

Punch Festival Exhibition

Until September 28 the Punch Room and an exhibition of recent original drawings are on view to readers at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4, on every WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY and FRIDAY from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.



"It's a pity some of you people don't stop putting 'wish you were here' on your silly postcards."

WONDERING

WHEN I was a little lad three feet high
I gazed on the world with a wondering eye
And I said to my mother so wise and kind,
"Why do the trees, mother, sway in the wind?
Why do the little birds warble so gay,
And why does the streamlet babble all day?
Why do the waves, mother, prance merrily
Like snowy white horses out on the sea?
Why does the moon, mother, silver and bright,
Sail like a ship in the warm starry night,
And why is the sweet rose, nodding so tall,
Queen of the flowers, mother, queen of them all?"
My mother replied, with an odd look rather,
"Run along, dear, you must ask your father."

MUSIC IN THE MORNING

An Orchestra Rehearses

PROMENADERS who will to-night squash themselves against the barrier which restrains them from actually mingling with the first violins—and the Royal Albert Hall authorities wouldn't put it past them—will take the flawlessness of the orchestra's performance for granted. Always on the alert for a dramatic effect, I should like to be able to tell them that at this morning's rehearsal they could have heard false notes flying like bullets and many a clarinet-player wildly misconstruing his key signature. Unfortunately that wouldn't be the truth.

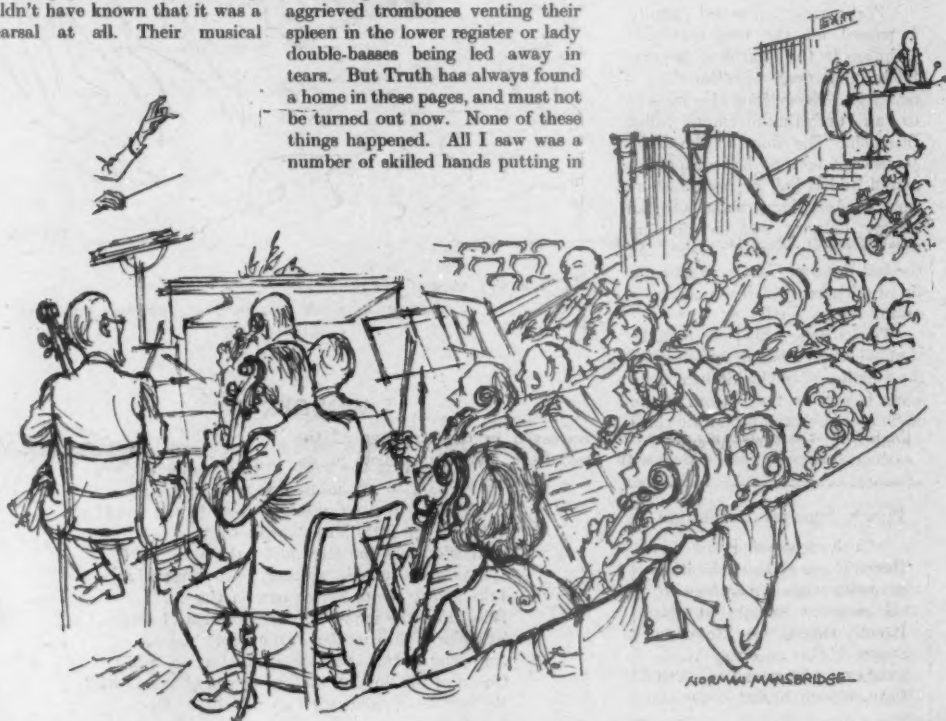
The truth is that if they kept their eyes closed (not difficult for practised concert-goers) and thus shut out the unnerving spectacle of 'cellos in open necks and braces, they would have spent long and enchanting periods in which they wouldn't have known that it was a rehearsal at all. Their musical

propriety might have shuddered when some minor official out in the dim, deserted corridors lifted up his voice in private song during the second movement of "Piers Plowman's Day," and they would have found it disconcerting, which was more than the orchestra did, when an agency photographer loosed off unlimited flash-bulbs during the Pastoral Symphony (and not even during the "storm," either); but, by and large, the music they heard this morning would have been the same as they will hear to-night.

Not, of course, that either the conductor or the orchestra would agree. But there again I find myself robbed of a peg to hang an angle on. It would have been delightful to tell a lively tale of temper and temperament, tantrum and tiff; of batons snapped angrily across the knee and flung into the woodwind, of aggrieved trombones venting their spleen in the lower register or lady double-basses being led away in tears. But Truth has always found a home in these pages, and must not be turned out now. None of these things happened. All I saw was a number of skilled hands putting in

three hours' hard work, and getting through it as quickly and amicably as possible.

Even the conducting of a piece by the composer in person—a situation, one might have thought, rich in promise of acrimony and strife—went for absolutely nothing. "Good morning," the scene opens. "Are you in tune? Do you want an A?" No offence intended and none taken, and before you can say *Til Eulenspiegel* the world is filled with music—or, at any rate, eight double-basses are off to a vigorous *pizzicato* muttering, and everyone else is looking cheerfully vigilant. There are one or two halts, of course, for imperceptible transgressions—"Ooh, bar too soon!" to a guilty-looking 'cello, or a mild reproof to a side-drum that missed its entry—but the error rectified brings a gracious smile from the rostrum, and more often than not a word of thanks to go with



it. At the end a "Very nice indeed, beautifully played," is the orchestra's reward, and not to be outdone in the civilities its members set up a brisk rattling applause of bows on music-decks, as much as to say "We like you too."

Before the conductor proper appears (I am sure that the courteous gentleman who has just left us will forgive the phrase) there is a moment to study the cream of the country's instrumentalists. I am sorry to report that they are disappointing. The old pastime of "guessing what" in a railway carriage full of strangers could be played from Penzance to Peebles without scoring a bull here. It is possible that you might take one of them for a violinist if he was actually carrying his violin, but you would more probably assume that he was taking it somewhere for a friend. The percussionists (sometimes five or six strong) would appear entirely at home behind a travel agency counter; at least one of the basses could be nothing but a bathing-pool superintendent, and several bank managers are masquerading among the violas. As for



the ladies—the misleading art of the cartoonist has not dealt widely with female musicians, and the conventional pattern does not spring readily to mind. I can only say that if you found the ladies of this orchestra gathered at the Women's Institute annual tea and concert, no sixth sense would prompt you to change your mind about cutting the concert.

The conductor seems to materialize rather than arrive; in appearance, smiling, dark, elegant and composed, but with the determined chin of a

man who must always be in the right, his relationship with the orchestra is at once cordial and detached; his arrival does not freeze the trickle of conversation; that will come when he raises his baton; but there is a subtle change in the atmosphere. The C.O. has strolled into the mess, with a smile and a word for everybody, but to be addressed by your first name to-night doesn't mean that you won't be as smart as paint on to-morrow's parade.

And so we settle down to two hours' Beethoven; with interruptions: not for the remedying of those little slips that shame and irritate the home musician ("Damn, I always play C sharp there, I'll start again"), but to impose an even glossier sheen on a performance already lustrous, adjusting the shade of tone by a particle, the weight of volume by a decibel, the duration of a pause by a semiquaver's fraction. Who dares to say that perfection has no degrees?

To the half-trained ear the distinction between what was wrong and what has now been righted is not always obvious. "But you're playing *pom-perm-perm*," says the conductor sadly, tapping the score lightly with his baton. "I want to hear *perm-perm-perm*. Let's go back to three bars before number four." But when, on immediate resumption (not a beat is wasted all morning), thirty-six violins seem to play just what they played before, he smiles delightedly. "That's fine," he murmurs through the swell of sound, carving a circle in the air for roundness—"quite different, excellent, very nice indeed..." His requirements cannot be entirely conveyed in the language of the text-book glossary, which is inadequate for such finely-calculated matters: "*Espressivo*" (a favourite this—confided to the strings, or grimaced, the left hand slanted palely and eloquently upwards, for the distant brass) is all very well for general purposes, and routine *sforzandos* and *diminuendos* fly liberally over the players' heads; but in quest of the delicate absolute he often has to fall back on "No, no," (to the tympanist, perched afar)—"please give me your digga-digga-



digga first, and then your bom-bom-bom"; or, "Now, violins; four bars before number eight, I don't hear your *pum-tumma-yah-tum*, *pum-tumma-yah-tum*; you must bow down, not up, on each *yah*."

And, watching the violins this time, as their bows all swoop down together like a flight of well-grouped arrows, I find myself wondering whether to-night's Promenaders will thrill more rapturously to the *YAH* they hear than they would to the one they didn't. But I have a feeling that this is beside the point. In seeking perfection the artist is first serving himself, and if in the process he delights his fellow-men, then that is a pleasantly acceptable, but quite unlooked-for, reward.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



AT THE PICTURES

Valley of Eagles—Meurtres

SOMETIMES there is a week with eight new films; this has been a week with only one, *Valley of Eagles* (Director: TERENCE YOUNG), and it would be difficult, as well as altogether too pointed, not to write about it. In any average week I don't think I should put it first, but it has quite a number of interesting qualities. The story is a perfectly simple though not very well thought out matter of pursuit, diversified, decorated and—if I may say so—hoked up with straight documentary stuff about herds of reindeer in the frozen North and the way Lapp hunters use eagles against wolves there . . . not to mention the Awful Avalanche, which provides of course the climax. These factual scenes are often very impressive, far more memorable and striking than the narrative framework about a Swedish scientist (JOHN MCCALLUM), his revolutionary invention, his assistant who decamps with essential parts of it, and his wife who decamps with the

assistant, thus providing a double motive for his pursuit of them in the company of a bluff police-inspector (JACK WARNER). There is at first a certain attempt to work up our interest in the scientist's invention (the credits acknowledge help from the Nuclear Fission Department of the Nobel Institute, though I didn't grasp what nuclear fission had to do with his method of producing electrical power from sound), but this, and an even more perfunctory hint that there is trouble between him and his wife, are soon forgotten in the real business of the picture, which is to get everybody out in the snow. Once that is accomplished there is no more need to worry about dialogue or motives or individual characterization (NADIA GRAY has to portray a Lapp travelling schools inspector, a tough assignment for any young beauty); the scale has increased, we have what amounts to a spectacular Western on ice. Reindeer stampede and flow in a tide over the skyline, wolves personify menace and are pounced on by eagles, and that avalanche riots straight into the camera. These things are all worth seeing.

In a more crowded week, *Meurtres* (Director: RICHARD POTTIER)—which in fact belongs to last week anyway—would not have been written about at all; partly because it's most unlikely to get much of a showing outside London, partly because although it, too, has good points it is by no means one of the outstanding French films. For many people the



Chapeau de Dimanche
Noël Annequin—FERNANDEL

most noteworthy thing about it will be that it presents FERNANDEL as a straight dramatic actor, not—at least not in the first part of the film—a comedian: he does very well, and makes the early scenes quite moving. He appears as the youngest, despised brother of three; the other two are a doctor and a barrister of great ambition, and when he wants to give himself up for "mercy-killing" his wife they are appalled at the prospect of scandal and do their utmost to prevent him, even preferring to get him certified insane rather than allow the family name to be touched by a criminal charge. There is nothing wrong with FERNANDEL's serious scenes, but both he and we are happier when the film becomes a satire on the family's snobbery and he has a chance to be something like his exuberant self in defeating it. The comedy seems to have an extra bite, in fact, after the sober introduction.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

In London by the time this appears will be showing an excellent, charming new French film, *Eduard and Caroline*, of which more next week.

Releases: the latest Hitchcock, *Strangers on a Train* (15/8/51), characteristically effective, and *His Kind of Woman* (12/9/51), a thick-ear melodrama with bright dialogue and an enjoyably funny climax.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Valley of Eagles]

Tantivy, Tantivy, Tantivy!

An unnamed Lapp Master of Wolfhounds

CONFERENCE

"LET'S have an exhaustive discussion."

"You mean cover all the essential points?"

"I said 'exhaustive.'"

"Cover more than the essentials?"

"I mean take in all points."

"All relevant points?"

"What I said was 'all points.'"

"I'm beginning to understand the scope. Who shall we ask?"

"Well, the thing is, we don't want to waste anybody's time."

"We don't?"

"No. I think we'd better have a preliminary discussion to start with."

"Not an exhaustive discussion?"

"Exhaustive in a preliminary way."

"You mean a preliminary discussion which will be also exhaustive, or an exhaustive discussion which, whilst exhaustive, will be only preliminary?"

"Is there really any difference?"

"Well, yes, I think there's a shade of difference there. A preliminary discussion which was also exhaustive would be an exhaustive discussion, but the subject matter would be only preliminary. But an exhaustive discussion which was only preliminary would be only a preliminary discussion, but exhaustive as to the points discussed. Cover all the points, if you see what I mean, but only in a preliminary way."

"Yes. I don't know. I think I favour the first of those two alternatives. What we want is an exhaustive discussion that would be preliminary to the main conference."

"Quite. What you really mean is this preliminary discussion would be to draw up an agenda."

"Yes."

"Who are we going to ask to this preliminary discussion?"

"Well, we've agreed that it's got to be exhaustive, haven't we? So we'd better, I think, have all the chaps who are going to be interested in the main discussion."

"Not so fast. It's only a preliminary discussion, remember. It will be a matter of sorting out from



"Just take a look at yourself, sir—
superb, stupendous, terrific, colossal!"

a vast mass of facts what's relevant and what's irrelevant to the main discussion. There'll have to be more chaps there than are coming to the main discussion."

"More? The main discussion's got to be exhaustive, you know."

"Not exhaustive in its subject matter. Exhaustive in its discussion of it."

"There seems to be a difference between us. We'd better, I think,

have a preliminary discussion of the chaps we're going to ask to the preliminary discussion."

"All right, yes, I'm inclined to agree, that seems to be the right way of going about the business. There is one thing, though, that I think is essential—that this discussion preliminary to the preliminary discussion, whilst preliminary, would also have to be exhaustive."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

BEYOND THE HOARDINGS

I'VE always wanted to meet one of those cheery, confident people who nudge you out of advertisements and announce, for example, that you can have a better holiday for half the price in Tunisia. I long to set aside the great difference in our sizes, raise my hat diffidently, and ask humbly "Excuse me, madam, but may I step into your all-steel kitchen with its thermostatic water-softener for a moment? There are a few simple questions I'd like to ask..." But I don't know where to start looking. I'm fairly certain that the whole business is in the hands of a few, if generously proportioned, families. It may even be one family, all owing allegiance to the little girl who used to say "Good morning" to our grandparents. The difficulty lies in running them to earth. One branch of the family is nomadic, spending its time in other people's houses or having its shoes polished or exercising the dog. Even the children ride round on expensive bicycles. Such home-life as I have been able to discover is conducted principally in the kitchen, with occasional excursions into the dining-room to admire the floor-stain. These are the people, I expect, who go out of rooms when photographers come on behalf of wealthier advertisers. Having arranged the furniture, they retire into the garden which can just be glimpsed through the French windows. Here they may be imagined watching the hedge-cutter clipping its serene way towards the poplars and the little stone gnomes.

They seem to live in respectable neighbourhoods for the purpose of helping the incompetents who surround them, but, if they live near me, they refuse to be drawn. I've wasted several evenings fooling about the hen-house in the hope that a calm voice, smoking a pipe and wearing a Fair Isle pullover, would break over the fence and tell me how to paint the thing. I've even heaped dirty crockery in the window as a kind of bait, but nobody's come to help, and passers-

by are beginning to point. Perhaps they're too busy opening the tins for dinner. Ignoring the nomads who must enjoy a perpetual picnic, I would say that their diet is dominated by soup and peas. The children pay too much attention to custards and jellies, going to or giving far too many parties where the little girls have a chance of showing how white their party-frocks are. Occasionally the diet is varied by a polychrome salad. But, all the same, I mustn't belittle their helpfulness. But for them thousands of people would still be happily squandering all Monday on the washing when they might be using the new motor-mower they should have bought years ago.

It is their radiant anonymity in the face of all this domestic success which has always impressed me. They live in mystery, unlike those half-shy souls who sign testimonials with their initials and hide their married status in a bracket. This latter class at least gives a clue to its whereabouts. Persistence ought finally to be rewarded by a glimpse of T. K. (Mrs.) of Halifax or the exchange of a knowing wink with P. R. of Sutton Camden. These people may, of course, belong to the family in an unhappy, despairing sort of way and be trying to fight their way into the inner circle. The odds are against them, their health always seems to be bad. The buoyant health of the professionals is perhaps their most striking feature. If they fall ill, it's only for the pleasure of being cured by the latest elixir. They go on being quietly unsuccessful and happy in their secret gardens, quietly sipping their medicinal wine and happily blowing up a beachball for the next summer. Even the dogs, which spend most of their lives bounding about on their back legs, show no sign of flagging.

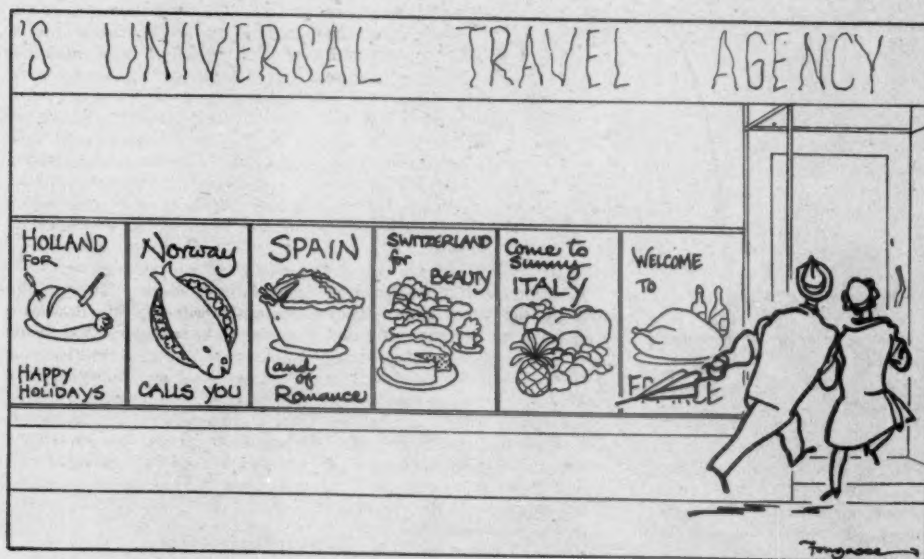
I expect they feel strongly about the celebrities who try to break into the business, but they console themselves by the thought of the work they are now doing for the Government. They will have

nothing but contempt for those obvious hirelings who used to creep about switching off electric lights and talking about power-stations in darkened rooms. Their voices, warm and velvet, could we only hear them, would be full of hope. On their mantelpieces there are pictures of their sons in the Army and Navy, who write them excited letters about foreign service and have to explain the latest piece of slang. (Somewhere there is another son, who is weighing up the merits of filling a place in the R.A.F. or going down the mines. Whichever he decides to do, it will be a big change from handing chocolates and expensive cigarettes to women I've wanted for so long to call avelte.) The chief qualification for Government work seems to be an interest in statistics of all kinds. Rising graphs and production figures bring a warm glow to their faces. "Great Britain," they declare proudly, "leads the world in the production of basket-chairs. British basket-workers have reached another record." And you can't help feeling a glow of sympathy with them. Their pleasures have always been simple ones, apart from a rather doubtful monied branch of the family which drives luxurious cars. (They may be sorry about this in private, but it's fun while it's happening, all the same.) Even while they're saying "It's up to us," I'm sure they're wishing they could step into their little shining cars and drive home, secure in the knowledge of good brakes. They will turn their keys in the front door and the children will rush to meet them. "Daddy," the youngsters will cry, "Mr. Beswick's waiting to be told about that Insurance Policy and Mrs. Beswick says what would Mummy do with a dripping tap?" Oh, it's good to be home in a house you can really call your own, thanks to the Upper Cumberfield Building Society.

Walpurgianacht

"Magicians at Newcastle's Magic Circle convention included one who flew from Germany."—"Daily Mail"

THE CHANGING INTERESTS OF BRITAIN



A LIFE ON THE WINE-DARK WAVE

I SHAN'T get through this article without giving pain to the classically-educated; but they must remember that there are plenty of people like me in the world, people who owe their wavering knowledge of the *Odyssey* to Butcher and Lang and find that their copy has been pinched, or sold, or whatever happens to books when you leave school.

We are on to the *Odyssey* because of the picture-story on the back of the breakfast-food we have for supper. There is something in the very name of *Odysseus*—possibly the keen way you have to say it—that wakens the youthful mind to an even more eager curiosity than is roused by golden syrup. Who was *Odysseus*? Why was he Greek? Was it a nice ship? Did he have the top bunk? Was he before I was born? Was he before we were both born? Was he before you were born? Was he before DADDY was born? All this is chicken-feed to a Mummy. Now tell us the story of him. This is when I realize just how long-fled are those happy days in the school library, and how much

faster learning fades than the vinegar-sweet smell of new yellow varnish.

Odysseus was a Greek because he lived in Greece and he went away on a ship because he wanted to see places. Which? For me this rugged voyager, who looks like Socrates in running shorts, is perpetually stepping out of a little boat, the kind with a paper sail fixed by a pencil, on to a Sussex beach half-way between Cairo and Tunis. Oh, well, Africa and all round there, and how long do you think it took him? Twenty years. Do I know that or am I being unanalysably influenced by *Aeneas* and the longest after-dinner speech in history, which, by the way, was made at a barbecue on the very same beach? Well, anyway, I do know this about *Odysseus*, the dog was alive when he got back and racehorses are news at twenty-four. Let's have the dog.

When *Odysseus* got back to Greece, I'll tell you that first because it's rather interesting, he walked through the gate into his garden and what do you think he saw? His dog, sitting outside a kennel! Yes, there



was a bowl, with Argus on, because that was the dog's name.

Argus, Argos, Argus. I was quite sure of this name until I began to think about it, so I put in a footnote that when we get the book we'll check everything up, but just now we'll call him Argus. And a very pretty story we make of this homecoming, more of a sketch really, with Argus jumping up and down and saying woof woof and nearly having the milk-bottle over, even if the essential point, that Argus recognized his master, is not quite communicated because I didn't give myself time to bring in anyone not recognizing him.

Well, we've had Argus; and Circe, from the breakfast-food packet. That leaves Polyphemus, and Scylla and Charybdis and the Lotus Eaters, and ox-eyed Hera and Pallas Athene and Nausicaa. Polyphemus is out, with an H Certificate, so I needn't try to remember why calling yourself Nobody should deceive even a one-eyed giant, or what all those sheep were doing in a cave. As for the Lotus Eaters—lotuses look and taste like scallops—I had a firm idea that Odysseus took to rowing past the sideshows with cotton-wool in his ears so as to get home in time, and now here he is flat on his beach, muttering blearily between bites Oh, rest ye brother mariners, we will not wander more. Let's concentrate on Nausicaa, a suitable episode and one I am definitely hot on.

I tell this bit in sinewy prose. Odysseus, I say, was tired because his ship had been going up and down on the sea. Butcher and Lang themselves couldn't have put it better. He was looking over the hedge (tamarisk, like what you get at Angmering, and I wish I could keep a bungalow with TEAS on the roof out of the corner of my left eye) at the princess (I don't think I can pronounce Nausicaa) and her friends throwing the ball about, and thinking that he was too untidy to go up the path and say can I have some dinner please? when the ball went over the hedge like yours over the fence and Odysseus threw it back like Mr. Turner. Well, Mrs. Turner then. Oh, I should think green, green spongy rubber. Yes, how silly, they hadn't invented it then so it would have been wool. Yes, the princess's grannie would have made it. Well, she got an old cardboard box and cut two rounds with holes in them and—

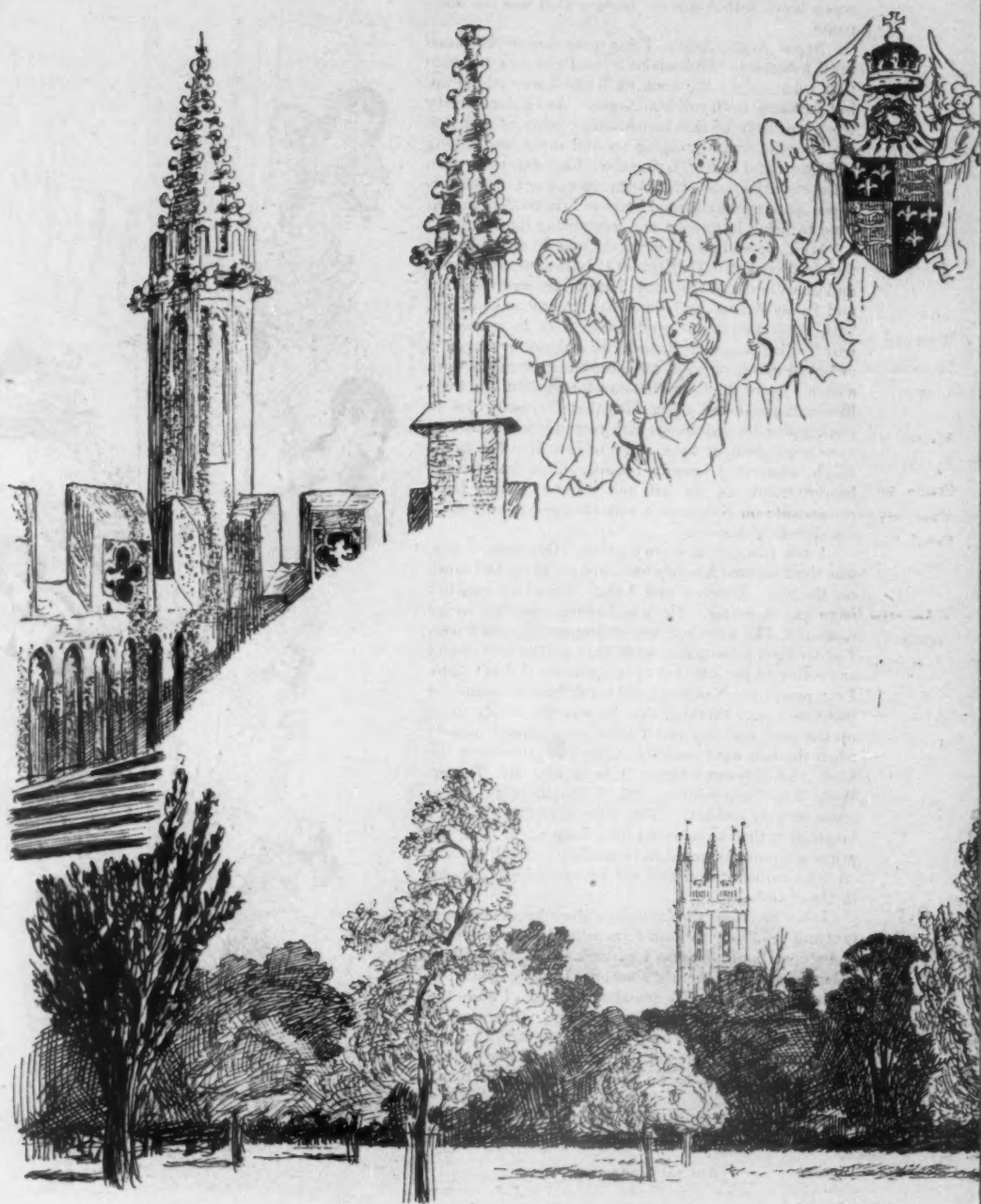
It's a pity that the Children's Hour breaks into the Owl and the Pussy-cat and I am asked to turn it louder and stop talking, because I haven't said a word about Telemachus, and there's someone I really could do justice too; mine own Telemachus, to whom I leave the sceptre and the isle, well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil this labour by slow prudence to make mild a rugged people and the trouble with Butcher and Lang is that they were too lazy to do their translating in blank verse.

ANDE

Animal Magnetism

"An up-to-date rack for the kitchen, at 12s. 11d., has two magnetic bars. Spoons, knives or folks pushed against them stick firm."—*Daily Herald*





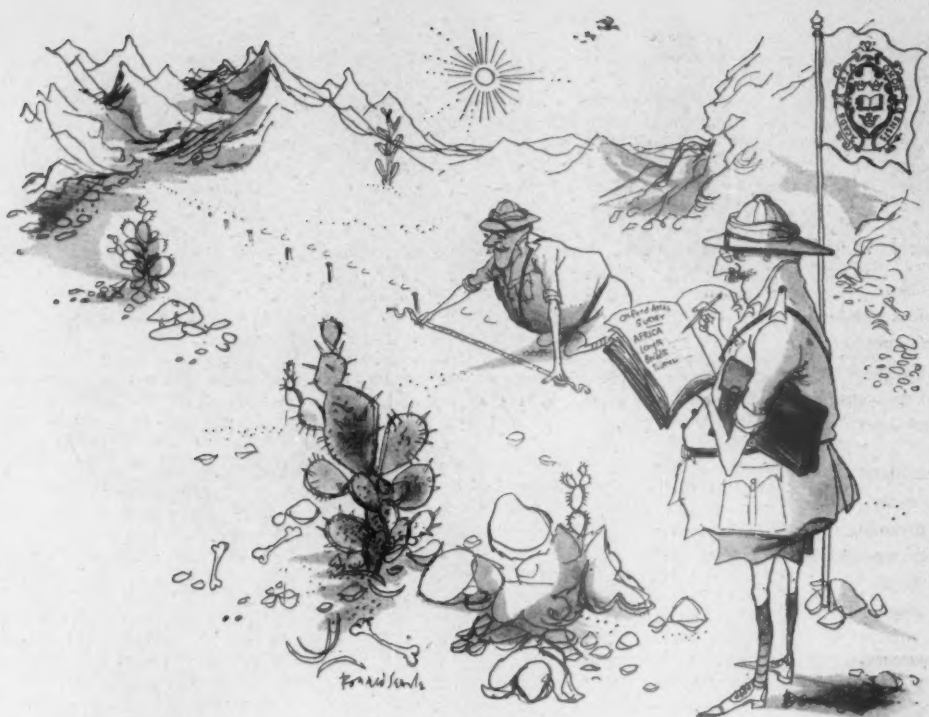
MAGDALEN TOWER

LILY inviolate,
To the dusk meadows
What miracle bore her
That the moon-shadows,
So swift and so beautiful,
Stay to adore her?

Maiden immaculate,
By the dark water
Starlit and dreaming,
What mystery wrought her
Slender and lovely
Past mortal seeming?

Season and century,
Legend and history,
Loving and learning—
Now these returning,
Shining to heaven
Are miracle, mystery.





WITH REFERENCE TO MAPS

WHAT follows can be explained, I think, by the confession that I am not the regular atlas-reviewer of this magazine: in fact the *Oxford Atlas*, just published by the Oxford University Press, is the first book of its kind I have tackled, and I am more than a little put out to know how and where to begin. One can hardly say of an atlas that it is readable, provocative, absorbing or "a must," and it would be both trite and redundant to describe it as factual, dispassionate and well-documented, and to add some such remark as "The illustrations are excellent."

Yet excellent is precisely what the illustrations are in this great Oxford opus. A foreword to the atlas tells us that "The name of the draughtsman of each map has been shown beneath it," and that in reviving this eighteenth-century practice the editors "have sought to

acknowledge the skill of the craftsmen who have drawn the maps and hand-lettered the names on them." At a rough estimate I should say that the craftsmen have hand-lettered about sixty thousand names throughout the atlas, and so far I have not found a single case of misspelling or a single town, water hole, road, railway or airfield out of place.

Most of these gifted draughtsmen are part-timers, men who spend their evenings mapping instead of napping, gardening or televiewing, men who would rather stipple a salt pan or hachure a hill than mow the lawn or adjust the frame-hold. They deserve this belated recognition.

I am well aware of the difficulties of mapping. I know, for example, how the Wash always tends to dominate an outline map of England, how tempting it is to depict the South Coast as a cor-

rugated line, how impossible it can be sometimes to get the equator to run through Ecuador, Brazil and the Belgian Congo, how vague and unsatisfactory things are in Antarctica, and how confusing it can be to find that one has enough space left in the bottom right-hand corner to fit in another Australia. I didn't know, when I was a junior geographer, that maps in atlases were hand-drawn and hand-lettered. I thought they were produced by feeding slices of the globe into a mangle or something: or that they had been handed down somehow from generation to generation. I'm not quite sure what I thought, except that I felt grateful to the men who invented carbon tracing paper.

These modern draughtsmen do not work in quite the way we did at school. Then, if you remember, mapping was little more than an

astute move to keep the class quiet when the geography master had a cold or heavy arrears of marking. "Draw a map of Australia," he would write on the blackboard, "marking the chief . . ." My map of Australia (circa 1925) would not stand comparison with those drawn by Messrs. May, John and Fullbrook for the *Oxford Atlas*, but it showed the cricket grounds at Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide and Brisbane very clearly, even to the stumps, and these physical features, I regret to say, are not visible at all in the work of my cartographical successors.

The draughtsman's job is to apply neat and colourful finishing touches to the work of the geographical researchers, the climatologists, geologists, geomorphologists, ecologists, geohydrologists, geopoliticians, geognosts, geometricians . . . even the geo-economists: and, as one would expect, the O.A. represents the accumulated knowledge of scores of learned bodies. Yet the staff responsible for the compilation is extremely small—only about fifty experts all told. And the work has taken only five years.

Well, according to my reckoning the earth's surface is nearly two hundred million square miles in area, a figure that gives each cartographer (captained by Brigadier Sir

Clinton Lewis and Colonel J. D. Campbell) some four million square miles of territory.

It may well be that my audit is on the wrong tack here, and that the magnitude of the task achieved should be computed in some other way; all the same, fifteen thousand square miles a week, per person, seems pretty good going. (Correction: I've suddenly remembered that of these two hundred million square miles no less than one hundred and forty-two million—nearly three-quarters—are water, sea and ocean. This reduces the territory covered per person, per week, to a bare three thousand seven hundred and fifty square miles.)

Having mugged up the subject very thoroughly I feel that I must say a word or two about map projections. These fiendish contraptions were invented, I understand, by a certain Mr. Mercator (who also gave the name "Atlas" to a collection of maps—old Atlas the Titan, son of Iapetus and Clymene, having installed himself as a sort of trademark on the covers of all such collections): he took the earth's skin and stretched it over a cylinder, unrolled it to form a rectangular map, drew vertical and horizontal lines all over it, and explained to navigators that all rhumb lines or loxodromic curves drawn on it would be perfectly straight. Everybody, with the exception of the flat-earthists, voted it a jolly good map, and it has been popular ever since.

Mercator's projection caught on, you might say, for two main reasons; first, because it exaggerated the size and importance of Europe; and second, because it enabled generations of schoolboys to rule their lines of

latitude and longitude. Unfortunately, the cartographers could not let well alone. Since Mercator's time—he died in 1596—they have produced ever more complicated projections, conical, stereographic, orthographic, gnomonic, orthodromic, polyconic, zenithal and many more, and the result of these Euclidean exercises has been to make the earth look like a baby elephant squeezed into a birdcage. Give me Mercator every time, even if he does blow Russia up to a terrifying size.

There are five entirely new map projections in the O.A., if you're interested.

Whenever we have reason to look up a place in the atlas, any atlas, we usually discover it—if at all—in some corner of a map, where it is hemmed in by misleading marginal hieroglyphics. Some towns have been neglected by travellers and business men and have suffered economically because of a cartographical slight. (On the other hand many lovely villages have been preserved only because they happen to lie at the edge of two sheets of the Ordnance Survey.) Further afield there are important towns, and I could name them, that have been ignored by students and examiners alike merely because they are cartographically marginal, mere excrescences on the draughtsman's rectangle. Well, the O.A. has altered all this: its maps open new windows on the earth and provide fresh views of the Mediterranean, the U.S.S.R., Southern Asia, South-West Asia and the Nile, the Middle East and so on. Mulhouse, Smolensk, Istanbul and Tashkent are no longer just off the map.

But when all is said and done there is really only one way of assessing the quality of an atlas, and that is to see how it deals with our own particular bit of the earth's surface. Well, now, let's look . . . where's Surrey? Here we are . . . no, of course, they wouldn't mark a little unimportant village like ours . . . Golly, they have though! It's right here, almost as large as life. What an atlas! Yes, first-rate.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



*"Your change, sir!"*

SEASCAPE, WITH UMBRAGE

CRAWLING vigilantly along the promenade I estimated the extent of the parked cars at about two miles, and I was getting well on towards the end of the second when I found a narrow gap between two of them. I backed into it with style and accuracy.

It was only as I disentangled the belt of my bathing-trunks from the door-handle that I noticed the elderly official in uniform (he wore, that is to say, a stoker's hat to top off his brown striped suit and muffler) apparently in the final stages of signalling me into the parked position. Although the promenade had been deserted a moment before I was not really surprised to see him. The one thing

that collects quicker than a crowd is a car park attendant.

"Very neat, sir, very. Just right," he said, approaching me at a brisk shamle and copying my registration number on to a blue ticket. His voice had the loose yet grating quality of a boat being drawn up over shingle.

The sun was high. The sky was blue. A minute earlier I should have said that I was a happy man. But something about the arrival of this official had a souring effect. I did not take to him. Even his flattery left me unmoved. His moustache was yellow and uneven, as if trimmed by biting. "How much?" I said, locking the car. I knew I was being brutish and short.

"Lovely day," said the old man, ingratiatingly.

I did not reply, but draped a superannuated groundsheet over my superannuated front tyre, tucking it well in among the spokes. Then I took some money from my pocket and waited, tapping a mental foot.

"Just whatever you care to give me, sir," he said, drawing near and giving me the blue ticket with a slight but repellent flourish.

If he had said a shilling I should have bought myself out of the situation without argument. I might even have sprung two; I am no stranger to the cost of living on the South Coast. But his remark froze the small change in my fingers. I am not a mean, or even a business man, but I could never enter into any sort of transaction with people who put "Offers?" at the end of their advertisements. I like to know where I am. Besides, the suggestion that I am of the genus sucker, a natural payer through the nose, is an unwelcome one.

"I don't care to give you anything," I said, rolling my bathing-trunks up tightly in my towel and only noticing later that they had dropped through on to the rear bumper.

The old face puckered in the forgotten creases of a smile. Taking no offence the man returned the trunks matter-of-factly and said, with the glibness of a season's rehearsal, "I 'ave to rely on the generosity of my clients, sir."

That would have been enough. I did not want to be this old man's client, and had not, in fact, been anything of the kind. But what made me walk off without further exchanges was the bold inscription across the top of my blue ticket, which said with municipal frankness **FREE CAR PARK.**

The old man's pursuing cry was of mingled outrage and incredulity. It was, I think, an involuntary utterance, because when I stopped and turned (like a fool; I shall never make a hard man) his mien was cringing and sad.

"You'll be quite all right 'ere," he chanted, "until four o'clock. Quite all right, you'll be. I'll see to that." He spoke as if he were

conferring upon me some unique favour, implying that he had prosecuted my cause in long and shrewd negotiations between himself and the Town Clerk.

"Thank you very much," I said, my heart turning into a smooth round pebble. "But I don't want you to see to it. The Corporation's seeing to it. As a matter of fact, I don't see where you come into it at all. There's my car, taking up a few square feet of the Corporation's extensive promenade, that's all. Free, it says here."

"Guided you in," said the old man. "Guide you out again." He flapped his arms in a vague gesture of traffic-control.

"Correction," I said brutally. "I guided myself in, and I'll guide myself out again."

"On'y want to look after you," he said. "Look after my clients, that's all." He waved an arm at the glittering ranks of his clients' motor-cars, stretching unattended in the direction of Eastbourne and points west. "Guardin' their property," he said, clinching the thing.

"Look," I said, dropping my towel and engaging in a short exchange of shoulder charges as we competed to recover it—"supposing someone was pinching my car"—he looked at it but diplomatically said nothing—"and you were about two hundred and forty cars down the road, what good would you be? If you—"

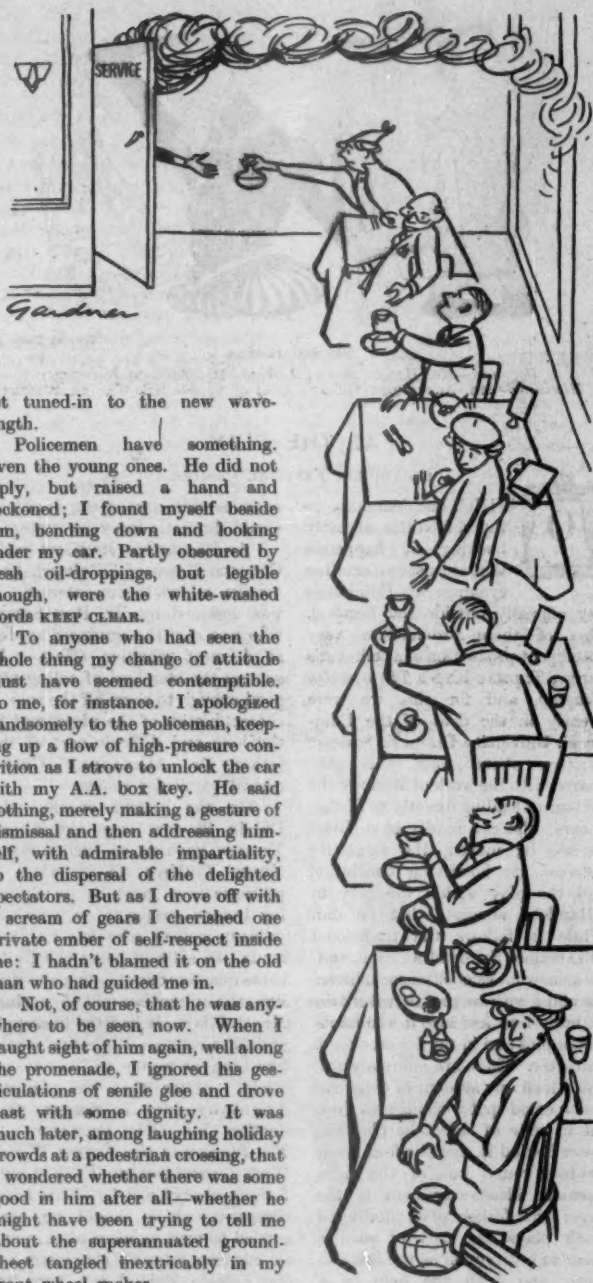
"Call a copper," said the man, with the crisp assurance of one with plans fully laid for the delegation of all contingencies.

"Copper nothing," I said rudely. "How many coppers have I seen up and down this front this afternoon? Copper my foot. What's more, if there was a copper, I'd call one, and unless you—"

I suppose our voices were raised. I don't know. But I do know that a crowd had collected. And on the fringe was a policeman. As I caught sight of his helmet, it disappeared. He had bent down and was looking under my car.

"This yours?" he said presently, approaching.

"What about it?" I said, not



yet tuned-in to the new wavelength.

Policemen have something. Even the young ones. He did not reply, but raised a hand and beckoned; I found myself beside him, bending down and looking under my car. Partly obscured by fresh oil-droppings, but legible enough, were the white-washed words KEEP CLEAR.

To anyone who had seen the whole thing my change of attitude must have seemed contemptible. To me, for instance. I apologized handsomely to the policeman, keeping up a flow of high-pressure contrition as I strove to unlock the car with my A.A. box key. He said nothing, merely making a gesture of dismissal and then addressing himself, with admirable impartiality, to the dispersal of the delighted spectators. But as I drove off with a scream of gears I cherished one private ember of self-respect inside me: I hadn't blamed it on the old man who had guided me in.

Not, of course, that he was anywhere to be seen now. When I caught sight of him again, well along the promenade, I ignored his gesticulations of senile glee and drove past with some dignity. It was much later, among laughing holiday crowds at a pedestrian crossing, that I wondered whether there was some good in him after all—whether he might have been trying to tell me about the superannuated groundsheet tangled inextricably in my front wheel spokes.

J. B. BOOTHROYD



Slaughterhouse

Balthazar—MR. HARRY GRAY; Lorenzo—MR. ALISTER JOHNSTON;
Hieronimo—MR. ALEXANDER GRANT; King of Spain—MR. WALTER WRIGHT

(The Spanish Tragedy)

AT THE PLAY

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL (continued)



WING, one imagines, to the difficulties of early booking, it happened that at least two exciting evenings at Edinburgh lay officially outside the Festival. One of these provided a very intelligent production of a collector's rarity, THOMAS KYD's *The Spanish Tragedy*, and for this we were greatly in the debt of the Edinburgh University Dramatic Society. Written about 1589, this play shared with the work of Marlowe the honour of leading directly to Shakespeare, who can hardly have failed to see it; indeed, the similarity between its horrifying conclusion and the play within the play in "Hamlet" suggests that he did. While it follows the traditional Elizabethan theme of revenge, and, for somewhat slender reasons, litters the stage with corpses, it yet marks an important advance in the handling of plot and in the delineation of character. There are many absurdities which any student of detective fiction could spot with his eyes shut, but in spite of these the play has power behind it, and the final scene revolves round one of the most ingenious ideas ever bent to the stage: the father of a murdered youth plays the part of such a father in a diversion at the Spanish Court, and with the help of a relentless lady kills off his son's

enemies while royalty claps politely. Could dramatic irony be neater?

An Elizabethan stage, set in the Common Room of Edinburgh University, added to our interest. It was designed by Mr. ROY SMITH, who was also the producer as well as a most effective *Ghost*. In general the standard of acting was good enough to show off the special characteristics of the piece, and in the long and difficult part of the father Mr. ALEXANDER GRANT earned particular praise.

On the second evening the Dublin Players, from the Abbey Theatre, gave us as curtain-raiser YEATS' *Cathleen Ni Houlihan*, a patriotic dirge, in which the mourning Ireland speaks through an old peasant woman who has lost her lands. In spite of being politically three-quarters out of date, nevertheless the piece is still haunting. Mr. LENNOX ROBINSON directed, and Miss SHELIAH RICHARDS' *Cathleen* brought poetry to the ancient griefs. After that we plunged delightedly into a riotous production by Miss RICHARDS of *The Playboy of the Western World*. What a grand comedy it still is, and I think always will be! This Irish company, which should be persuaded to visit us more often, puts an edge on SYNGE's characters no one outside Ireland can hope to imitate. Miss SIOBHAN MCKENNA's

Pegeen, Mr. LIAM GANNON's *Chris*, Mr. DENIS O'DEA's *Sean*, Mr. DENIS BRENNAN's *Mahon*, and Mr. UDOLPHUS WRIGHT's *Cullen* were straight from the choicest bog. Unfortunately we missed Mr. ROBINSON's *The Whiteheaded Boy*, also in the repertory.

The last play we saw within the Festival proper was ANOUILH's *Le Rendez-vous de Senlis*, presented in French by Le Théâtre de L'Atelier from Paris. It is an odd piece, and seemed to me less successful than other work by this author. One grows familiar with his affection for the charade and with his rapid transitions from farce to tragedy; here, in the story of an unhappily-married young man who engages an actor and actress to simulate his parents in an ideal evening with a new mistress in a hired house, we are reminded of the plot of *L'Invitation au Chateau* ("Ring Round the Moon"). The first act, in which this scene is being laid, is full of rich comic strokes; later the plot becomes jumpily intricate to point the difference between the shabby worries of the hero's real life and the world of understanding for which he longs. An extended debate, often rather static, ranges



(The Playboy of the Western World)

Amateur Killer

Christopher Mahon—MR. LIAM GANNON



Le Rendez-vous de Senlis

Le Maître d'Hôtel—Mr. J. P. MONCORRIER

over the theme of love. Sometimes moving, often amusing, the play as a whole seemed to ramble. Produced by M. ANDRÉ BARSACQ, it was very well acted on each of its levels. M. MICHEL HERBAULT as the hero, Mlle. LOLEH BELLON as his ideal, Mlle. SIMONE CHAMBORD as his ex-mistress and M. JOSÉ QUAGLIO as her acquiescent husband skillfully led this able company. Mlle. BELLON's performance was lovely; she has a delicacy and poise which fit ANOUILH's conception perfectly. No doubt out of practice with four acts, the orchestra made local

history after the third by getting through most of "God Save The King" before being drowned in applause.

Ardèle (VAUDEVILLE, STRAND)

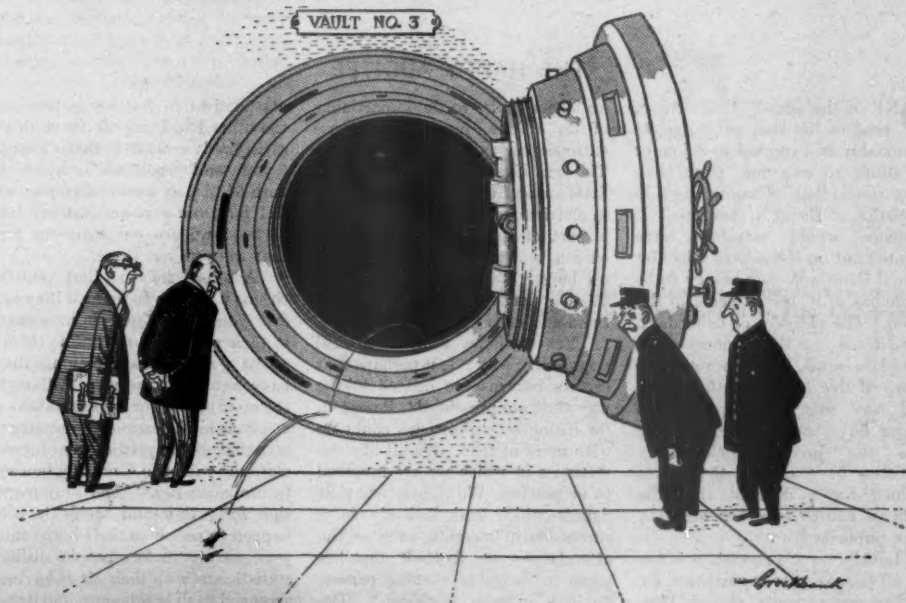
So much for Edinburgh, but not for ANOUILH, for in London I have caught up with yet another of his plays, *Ardèle*, a piece which impresses enormously by its mastery of the theatre but leaves me wondering if ANOUILH knows where he is going. It illustrates and contrasts love of different kinds, but between the utter cosmic despondency of its conclusions and the lyrical love of "Point of Departure" there is an unbridgeable gulf. Completely cynical but extremely witty, the first act shows a French family gathering in high alarm at a country house to put a stopper on the love of a hunchback relation for another hunchback. This love, thought to be repulsive, seemed to me natural, and, beside the barnyard impulses of most of the rest of the family, steadfast and admirable. How ANOUILH felt about it was not made clear. In the last act a mad woman denounces the entire

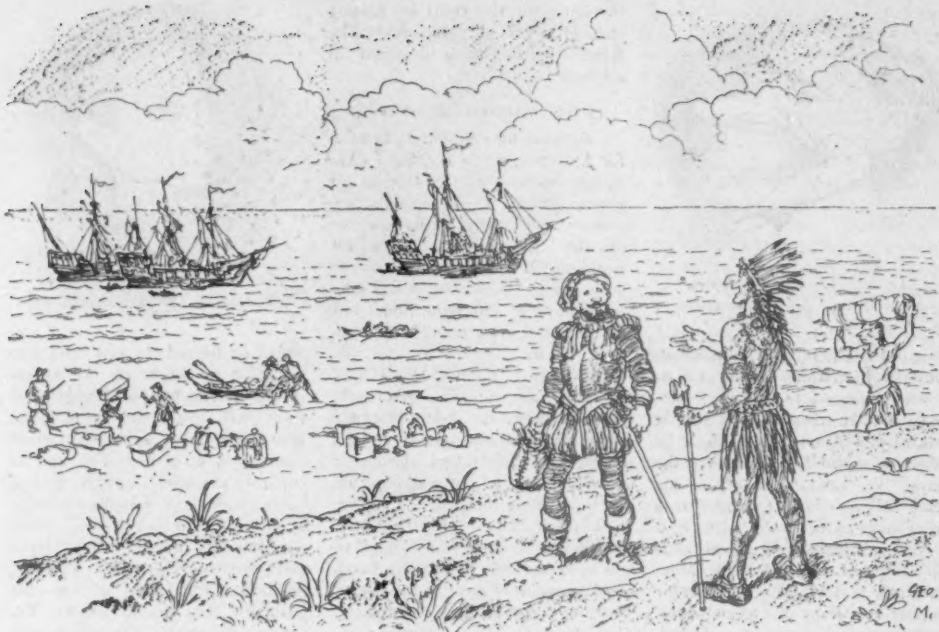


Le Rendez-vous de Senlis

Georges—Mr. MICHEL HERBAULT

world as hinged on lust, and two romantic young lovers are so absurdly shaken by her thunder that they part, while the hunchbacks, who have all my sympathy, shoot themselves off-stage. The play is superbly theatrical, but the more I think about its philosophy the more of a cul-de-sac it becomes. Well translated by Miss LUCIENNE HILL and produced expertly by Mr. ANTHONY PELISSIER, it has fat parts for Miss ISABEL JEANS, Mr. GEORGE RELPH, Mr. RONALD SQUIRE and others, and little is lost in the acting. ERIC KEOWN





"Don't forget, Mr. Columbus, if ever there's anything we can do to help you folks over in Europe . . ."

THE HAPPY AUDITEE

ONE of the added attractions of modern life that people might reasonably be expected to enjoy, or to admit to enjoying, more than they do is that of taking part in statistics. Being a statistic, as someone would certainly have pointed out on the side of a bus by now if there were any money to be made out of it, means being in the swim. The pleasure of being born alive in the year 1909 is never really complete until one has read the figure of live births for that year; and how many people who no longer have any hope of getting into the juvenile delinquency statistics have caught themselves wishing for a moment that the arthritis figures were accorded the same publicity?

Luckily no one nowadays is too cut off to take part in statistics, for modern governments, though they

no longer aspire to the impartiality of an umpire, have an immense enthusiasm for keeping the score. The gratification of seeing one's little unconsidered actions totted up in metric tons at the end of the year is part of the birthright of every citizen, and the very eccentrics are no longer startled when someone slaps a decimal point in front of them and calls them a trend.

Yet statistics achieve no real popularity: why? Is it perhaps that certain reforms are needed in the way they are presented? Precision, for instance; perhaps we could do with more of that. We all like the statistics in which we are involved to be precise. We rightly feel that figures which end listlessly in a succession of noughts, such as the attendances at football matches given in Saturday evening papers, do not include anybody. The

attendances in Sunday papers, on the other hand, appear much more satisfyingly as 54,312; this is a large figure, and when we compare it with 54,311, as we do, of course, we feel far from over-emphasized, but at least we are not made to feel that we were not there.

Another reform that statisticians will have to make if they are ever going to get people interested in their product is to confine themselves to statistics about things that have already happened. Although the main reason for having statistics at all, as in the case of the weather, is so that we can predict what future statistics will be like, nobody fancies future statistics. The statement that forty thousand accidents will happen to people in their baths this year merely makes people dislike statisticians with their air of having arranged it all in advance, and even

comparatively cheerful remarks, such as that more than a million young people will be under canvas during the coming summer, sound irritatingly cocksure to the normal, unpredictable person. People like to feel that they have free will, and even when they are going to stampede they do not want an announcement made beforehand.

It is for this reason, as much as any other, that most of us are sorry that the if-laid-end-to-end school of statistics has gone out of fashion. Apart from the sheer poetry of its approach, this school had the merit of confining itself strictly to the past. Possibly its exponents were afraid that if a rumour started to the effect that everyone who bought Quikso soap flakes was going to be laid end to end from here to Mandalay, going via Ramsgate, it would have a bad effect on sales; anyway, they refrained from forecasting, and we were grateful.

But statisticians themselves, once they have the right attitude, will be able to think of many more improvements and ways of interesting the public than I can; the important thing is that they should appreciate the possibilities. After all, modern life is not all rush-hours and civil defence; we may not have much time for gracious living, but at least we have our niche in the percentages. "El Alamein!" we shall be able to say to our grandchildren, if we live. "The South Bank! The drunk and disorderly figures for 1955? I was there." It will be something.

MONDAY'S MEAT

MONDAY'S meat is cold and thin,
Tuesday's meat comes out of a tin,
Wednesday's meat is not what you'd wish,
Thursday's meat is probably fish,
Friday's meat is—I really don't know,
Saturday's meat has far to go,
For it has to last over the Sabbath day
When everyone's hungry and no one's away.

OFFICIAL

NYMPHS and shepherds back again,
We'll to the woods no more;
The hills, the hot sea-shore
Must call to us in vain;
Only the city roar,
The awaying, crowded train,
The waiting in the rain,
The 'phone, the typewriter, the daily chore.

Nymphs and shepherds, pack again
Within the camphored store
The summer joys we wore
To match our lighter vein;
And though our hearts be sore
Yet let us not complain—
The flowers of the lane
Doff, as we do, the colours once they bore.

Nymphs and shepherds lack again
The freedom all adore—
But must we then give o'er,
From every joy refrain?
Not so! Let heart ignore
The duties that restrain.
Type, nymph, and not disdain!
Dictate, O shepherd, as you wooed before!



"My, aren't you lucky to have such a nice garden."

BOOKING OFFICE

Portrait of the Artist

GEORGE DU MAURIER's childhood and youth were chequered, but none of their variety was lost on him as an artist, or, later, as a writer. His father was an ingenious but ineffective French scientist, his mother the daughter of Mary Anne Clarke, mistress to the Duke of York. Happy schooldays in Paris were succeeded by a miserable spell in London, where to please his father he struggled with the hateful mysteries of chemistry. At his father's death the family moved back to Paris so that George could study drawing. Two years later he went blind in his left eye, and but for a clever German oculist might have lost the other as well. In Dusseldorf he and his mother and sister, living precariously on the royal pension inherited from his grandmother, plunged into the gaieties of a city thick with princelings. From this rather silly life he was rescued by his friend Tom Armstrong, the painter, who arrived with a copy of *Punch* to add force to a straight talk on the waste of promising gifts as a draughtsman. The du Mauriers were impressed, and the great decision was made that George should go alone to London to lay siege to Bouverie Street and other likely fortresses. He was twenty-six, and had a capital of ten pounds; to begin with he took Whistler's studio at ten shillings a week, for which he was also given the run of his landlord's dress-suit.



This was in May, 1860, when Mr. Punch, not quite nineteen, seemed in no pressing need of a new artist, being already handsomely served by Keene, Leech and Tenniel. It looked a long, uphill fight; yet when Leech died unexpectedly only four years later du Maurier had proved himself to be so exactly the satirist *Punch* wanted that he was the obvious choice for the empty chair at the Table. *The Young George du Maurier*, his own ringside description of the fight, is a collection of his letters, published for the first time, for the period 1860-67. They are edited, with an excellent introduction, by his granddaughter, Miss Daphne du Maurier, and Mr. Derek Pepys Whiteley adds useful notes. The bulk of these letters cover the vital four years in which du Maurier won the approval of Mark Lemon and other editors, married his beloved Emma after a wearing engagement, and settled down to the pleasures of a family. Most of them are written to his mother, still pursuing the giddy round of Dusseldorf; others to Emma and Tom Armstrong.

Du Maurier's relationship with his mother was very close, and his reports to her of his first successes are curiously adolescent in their conceit, but, as Miss du Maurier points out, he was desperately anxious to justify his bold adventure. As he grew established he was quicker to recognize the merits of his rivals and his own shortcomings; by the time he joined the *Punch* staff he was much more grown up. The modesty of Keene, who was kind to him from the start, was no doubt a healthy example. Not only are these letters revealing as a spontaneous self-portrait of a clever, eager young man determined to develop his talents—"give me plenty of food and good light and a pair of dumb-bells, and don't leave me alone, and I will cheerfully work my ten or twelve hours a day"; they are also of interest socially, for with his fine singing voice and winning manners he was courted by hostesses while editors still remained entrenched. "This morning I was quite spiteful to my dress coat, and as I put it into the drawer I said: 'Stop there till Tuesday next and be d . . . d to you!'" At Arthur Lewis's musical evenings he met all kinds of celebrities, and at Little Holland House he savoured the dim ecstasies of "a nest of pre-Raphaelites, where Hunt, Millais, Rossetti, Watts, Leighton, etc., Tennyson, the Brownings and Thackeray, etc., and tutti quanti receive dinners and incense . . ." Too robust to be taken in even by such sublime back-scratching, he nevertheless enjoyed it all immensely.

The letters are generous, affectionate, gay. The future author of "Trilby," who already was contributing to a number of papers, wrote extremely naturally. This collection contains a number of the beautiful little drawings with which he must have enchanted his correspondents. To Mr. Punch and his friends its frequent glimpses of his early staff must make a special appeal, and one greatly hopes that Miss du Maurier, who has handled it so well, has a further batch in store for us.

ERIC KEOWN

Small Doses

Mr. E. F. Griffith has diligently sought out almost a thousand passages written by or about members of the medical profession. Here, in *Doctors by Themselves*, Galen, Hippocrates, Lao Tzu and Paracelsus repeat their wise-crack moralizations or quaint prescriptions in company with Lister and Pasteur and several hundred other colleagues of varying calibre including some of the leading men of to-day. The idea is mildly interesting so long as it is connected with the history of physic, but it ceases to amount to much when the physicians are quoted for rather ordinary yarns of an ascent of Mont Blanc, say, or the fish that got away. So hard pressed is the anthologist at times to discover memorable sayings that he brings in unblushingly—and, indeed, with marked literary advantage—writers so little connected with the practice of healing as John Keats, Robert Bridges, Conan Doyle and even that great man, still known to cricketers as “the doctor”—William Gilbert Grace.

C. C. P.

Wit and Teacher

In *About Kingsmill* Mr. Hesketh Pearson and Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge have devised a new method of biography. The book consists of letters exchanged between them in which they describe Hugh Kingsmill's life, tell anecdotes about him and quote copiously from his conversation. Even if no more remained of him than these recollections he would live as a wit, a teacher and an eccentric. Championing Imagination against Will in a political age, he was more at home in the past and in eternity than in the present. His astonishing verbal memory, his erudition and his fertile originality were mixed with gaiety and kindness. To Mr. Pearson his books put him in the class of Johnson. Mr. Muggeridge is more cautious, seeing him as a conversationalist who never really justified his promise in his published work. His biographers do not say whether he left a diary; but he had the qualities of a great diarist. *Punch* readers will remember his qualities as a literary critic.

B. G. O. P.

Fun about a Corpse

Is it not rather otiose to specify—and on the title-page—that a detective story is “light-hearted”? Nearly all detective stories are in essence that, for they are based on the assumption that violent death is fun. Perhaps the particular levity of *The Woman in the Wardrobe* is most evident in the admirable surprise of its dénouement. The opening gambit is not an unusual one. The dead man is discovered to have been a blackmailer in a big way; his victims are conveniently gathered in the seaside hotel which witnessed his end, and the suspects are therefore abundant and available. There are two detectives, one private and local, the other from the Yard, both enormous men and bosom friends—a notable couple. There is also an engaging

lunatic to complicate matters. Mr. Peter Antony writes with the verve of the clever undergraduate which, the blurb tells us, he quite recently was. And Mr. Nicolas Bentley has entered thoroughly into the spirit of the thing.

F. D.

Healing Hands

Sister Elizabeth Kenny was born in Australia. When she was fourteen an accident made her tremendously interested in muscle structure. Later she trained as a nurse and (accidentally, as it were) cured a case of infantile paralysis for which, she was told by a country practitioner, there was no known treatment. This was in the Australian bush. Presently she dealt with an epidemic, treating for muscular spasms, and using fomentations and massage. In *And They Shall Walk* she writes of a life-time spent (apart from nursing in two wars) in fighting for her own life-restoring methods against an orthodoxy that insisted on immobilization by casts or splints. She gives chapter and verse for her cures, and tells how she won, finally, recognition in many parts of the world. It is not for a lay reviewer to attempt appraisal of the methods of any medical school. The shining facts of the book are that it tells the story of a bonny fighter, a great and



Hollywood

“I say, darling, where did we store
the lawn-mower last winter?”

selfless humanitarian, and a wonderful woman who has relieved much suffering. It is not too technical to make absorbing reading.

B. E. B.

L'Invitation au Voyage

The Silver Locusts, by Ray Bradbury, deals with the settlement of Mars by Americans at the beginning of the twenty-first century; but there is nothing in it to interest the British Interplanetary Society. Whereas for so many writers the subject of Mars has suggested transcendental scientific achievement, for Mr. Bradbury it has simply provided an enlarged horizon for his poetic imagination to disport itself in. He pays lip-service to science—his settlers travel by rocket, his Mars has two moons and canals; but scientific fact is for him only the raw material of fantasy, to be moulded as suits him best, and his real interest is in the aesthetic and moral questions involved when the inhabitants of one planet invade another. By firmly subordinating probability to poetry Mr. Bradbury has created a world of curious beauty, glowing with sympathy and shot through with humour, which the lapidary quality of his writing presents to us in all its strange colours.

B. A. Y.

The World of Underwear

To most of us underclothing seems a matter of individual taste, convenience and, perhaps unrealized, deference to convention; to Drs. G. Willett and Phillis

Cunnington it is obviously much more portentous. They have compiled *The History of Underclothes*, a survey of two hundred and sixty-two pages, generously illustrated, beginning with the "vague descriptions" of mediæval literature and including some of the copious material available in 1939. The detail necessary to such a survey is not always interesting, but the book is informative and important, conferring some classification and order on its chaotic material. The authors regard social distinction and erotic appeal as the chief impulses in the world of underwear and rather self-consciously, and unnecessarily, warn the reader that they have not bowdlerized unrefined early writers nor rejected informative illustrations "however 'vulgar' their original intent." They promise us, soon, a revolution in the world of underwear; an exciting prospect!

B. E. S.

Romance without Tears

A novelist sometimes—though fortunately rarely—button-holes his reader and overwhelms him with a spate of exclamation marks. Mr. Carl Fallas in *Eve With Her Basket*, which assumes this breathless technique, forcibly carries the reader through a number of discoveries about the Fabulous East. The story concerns "Little man Lott," a Jewish diamond merchant on a business trip to Ceylon who, having left his wife in England with a promise to be faithful for a month, takes a sentimental journey through Port Said and Colombo. His discoveries are very much for the tripper: Buddhism is described with beguiling simplicity, together with a brief introduction to "the young royal prince Gautama"; Arabs are depicted as they might be in a Hollywood film; and there is a popular scene in which Ford, a friend of Lott's, undergoes Buddhist instruction amid peals of laughter. Eve, of course, in her myriad forms, tempts Lott after she had appeared to him in a dream, adding romance to a setting of sunsets, old temples, pilgrims, colourful Eastern bazaars and talking Bo Trees.

B. K.

Books Reviewed Above

The Young du Maurier. Daphne du Maurier. (Peter Davin, 18/-)

Doctors by Themselves: An Anthology. E. F. Griffith. (Cassell, 21/-)

About Kingmill. Hesketh Pearson and Malcolm Muggeridge. (Methuen, 10/6)

The Woman in the Wardrobe. Peter Antony. Illustrated by Nicolas Bentley. (Evans, 8/6)

And They Shall Walk. Sister Elizabeth Kenny and Martha Ostenso. (Robert Hale, 15/-)

The Silver Locusts. Ray Bradbury. (Hart-Davis, 12/6)

The History of Underclothes. Drs. C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington. (Michael Joseph, 30/-)

Eve With Her Basket. Carl Fallas. (Heinemann, 12/6)

Other Recommended Books

The Disenchanted. Budd Schulberg. (Bodley Head, 12/6) Long—perhaps too long, but unintermittently readable—novel about the collapse (while working on a trivial Hollywood film in 1939) of a once-great, once-popular writer of the 'twenties. Satire and shop-talk about films, flashbacks to the years of success. Superficial—a screenwriter's novel; but always entertaining and sometimes moving.

Heaven Knows Where. Mollie Gaskin. (Collins, 9/6) Romantic cat's-cradle of marital and extra-marital relationships with a romantically medical-cum-literary background.



"Psychology's all right if you're not in a hurry."

INTERLUDE

"THE missus," said the man with the little black bag, "told me it would be O.K. to put up the curtain-rail in here so long as I didn't talk. 'My husband's a literary man,' she said, 'and he suffers from the artistic temper, but once he gets banging merrily away on his typewriter he is completely lost to the world, and he won't even realize you're in the room, so long as you don't talk.' So I promised, of course, to be as silent as the grave."

"Thank you very much. As a matter of fact I'm busy on a rather important job, and I must catch the midday post."

"It'll be all the same to you, I suppose, if I move your typewriter over to this small table, so that I can stand on your desk to do the job? Thanks. Now we can both get on with our work without interrupting one another. I hope this paper I have trodden on isn't anything important?"

"No, not at all. It's just the first page of the article I'm writing. I can read it fairly well through your footprint, and it won't take me more than ten minutes to retype it."

"I'm surprised to see that you only use two fingers of the right hand and two fingers of the left hand when you're typing. That's what my daughter Maisie used to do before she took lessons, but now she uses nearly all her fingers. You could work twice as fast if you used more fingers, and write much longer stories. I've often wondered how they pay you writers. Is it by the job or by the inch?"

"Sometimes one and sometimes the other, but . . ."

"It was lucky they sent me along to fix this rail instead of Herbert Gold. Herbert Gold would have talked your head off. He just can't work without nattering, but I understand all about the artistic temper because I used to be handy-man up at The Grange when Mr. Hawkins lived there. He was quite a well-known author, Mr. Hawkins. He wrote under the alibi of Cunliffe Custer. I've often wondered, sir, what name you write under?"



"Quick, Madge, two tankards of ice-water."

"I write under my own name, but . . ."

"It's a funny thing, I don't remember noticing your name anywhere, because I see all the best magazines, but there—not everybody has the luck, do they? I thought of going in for writing at one time myself, but being a married man with a family to keep and no private income I decided to stick to something steady. If I put up a curtain-rail, for instance, I'm sure of my money, but I suppose that story you're writing now is as likely as not to come bouncing back, and then you'll have wasted a whole morning!"

"Nothing would surprise me less, but if . . ."

"I wonder if you'd mind picking up that screw? I can't very well let go of the rail and look for it myself, or the whole thing will fall down. I rather fancy it may have rolled under the desk. Don't bump your head . . . there, I told you! Thanks very much. What strikes me as so wonderful about you writer people is that you can stop bang in the middle of a sentence and then go back again and carry on as if nothing had happened. Mr. Hawkins was just the same, and of course he wrote proper books, with stiff covers. If you'll just pass me up the screwdriver, I'll be finished in half a jiffy. And I dare say you wish you could say the same, eh . . .?"

D. H. BARBER

A FILTHY WEED

I ALWAYS enjoy talking to people who give me lifts, so as soon as I'd settled down I whipped out my case and offered him a cigarette.

"No, no," he said, "I wouldn't dream of it."

"Go on," I said, but he shook his head.

"Tell you the truth," he said, "I only smoke my own."

He pulled out his case and lit one. "No offence?"

"Of course not."

There was a little knot of traffic in front of us. When he had safely managed it he said: "Smoking. I tried to pack it up once. Fact of the matter is, I tried it at least half a dozen times. Wrote to several of those people who advertise in the papers. The first sent me a stencilled pamphlet with exercises to strengthen the will-power. They used to make me so nervous that I smoked twice as many as before. Set me back half a quid, too."

"And the second?"

"Pills. Like most of the others. They always made me feel queer and I had to nip round for a double whisky to pick me up. I could have smoked a whole packet for the same money."

"So you gave up trying?"

"Almost."

"Still hoping, eh?"

"No, in the end I *did* find something."

"You did?"

"Yes."

"But you decided it wasn't worth it after all?"

"No, no," he said, suddenly irritated. "Do let me tell this story in my own way."

"Please go on," I said.

"Forgive me," he said: "I've got a rotten temper these days. Getting worse, too."

After a little while he continued:

"Well, it was like this. I wrote to these people for their cure. They

wrote back would I please send them a shilling postal order. That at least was something. Most of the others started at five bob. So I did. Next day there's a little parcel in the post."

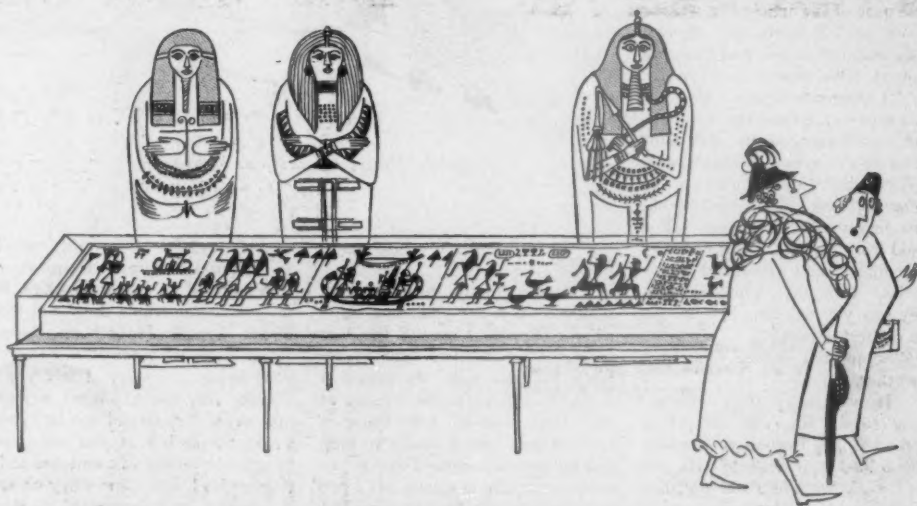
"More pills?"

"No. Just one single cigarette, wrapped in a little printed slip with instructions. 'Every time you feel the craving, take a puff at the enclosed special "Cure-a-Crave" cigarette.' I did. You never tasted such a soul-destroying taste in all your life. But I was desperate. I stuck it. Every time I wanted a fag, I took my puff. Got me off gaspers before the week was out."

He flicked his stub out of the open window.

"What made you start again?" I asked.

"I didn't," he said, lighting another with a trembling hand. "These are Cure-a-Craves. Can't do without them now."



"But, Maud, perhaps it's not meant to be funny."

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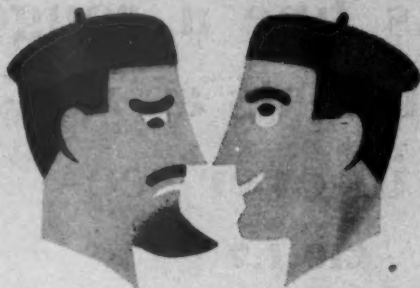
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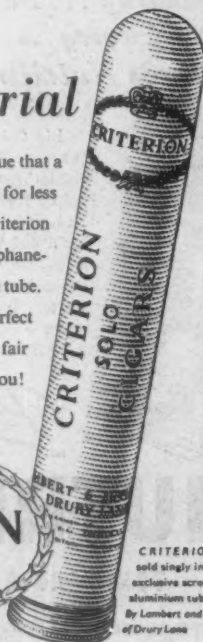
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St. Martin's special recipe captures the full flavour of Seville's sun-drenched oranges in the bitter-sweet taste of "Chunky" marmalade. It has that refreshing tang the palate longs for in the morning. Nature's own goodness is in

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THE
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AVAILABLE IN
1 lb TINS 1 lb AND
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HOOVER CLEANER
PROTECTS YOUR CARPETS
FROM DAMAGING GRIT

THE HOOVER DOES
SO MUCH MORE THAN ORDINARY
VACUUM CLEANERS

It isn't just walking on a carpet that wears it out. It's the sharp little pieces of grit brought in from the street on your shoes that do the damage. They get trodden down deep into the carpet where they cut the pile, and so eventually cause bare patches.

Old-fashioned, out-of-date types of cleaners can't remove this damaging, gritty, trodden-in dirt. Only the "Hoover" has the gentle beating action and this easily removes even deep-embedded grit. Thus the "Hoover" saves time, labour and carpets, too! What is more, by sweeping, it keeps carpets fresh and colourful — with that "new-brushed" appearance.

The "Hoover" is a magnificent engineering job—with easy-to-use cleaning tools for curtains, upholstery, etc. Ask any of the 3,000,000 British Hoover owners and they'll tell you just how wonderful it is.



This is the exclusive Hoover Agitator which gently beats the carpet on a cushion of air, and so extracts the damaging, trodden-in, gritty dirt.

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The **HOOVER**
REGD. TRADE MARK CLEANER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps... as it Cleans

Wearra

ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUNDERS

ensure your comfortable fit
whatever width you need

Slim
Medium
OR
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The Model shown
is
'The Forty-Five'

Black or Brown
Calf Ski Gibson
Leather Sole



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VAYLE 60 gauge fully fashioned SCOTCH NYLONS
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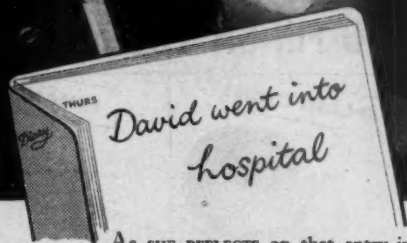
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She had bandaged the cut on her husband's hand and had seen no signs of dirt in it. Yet because she omitted to make it antiseptically safe, infection had started. And, worse still, instead of remaining local it had become established in his bloodstream. The doctor said there could have been germs on her hands, on the broken glass, on her husband's skin. You could never tell. That's why it is so vitally important

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O-syl has been proved by severe hospital tests to kill virulent germs such as Streptococci, Staphylococci and B. Typhosum, the cause of common (sometimes fatal) diseases. O-syl is both an antiseptic and disinfectant. Use it as directed and it will keep you, your home and your family safe from disease-carrying germs. Don't be wise *after* the event. Be wise and O-sylise *now*.



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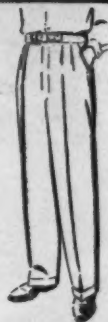
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SPLASH IT ON!

INHALE!



TO SOOTHE and comfort your skin after shaving, splash Aqua Velva into your hands and apply it to your face with a brisk rubbing action. Feel Aqua Velva refreshing your skin—cool, clean, comforting. Next—

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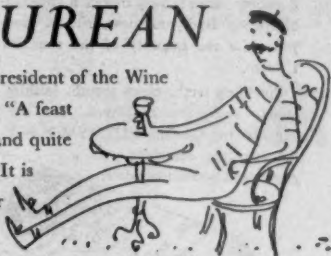
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Despite half a century of painstaking research, there is still no unanimity of opinion regarding the causation of rheumatic diseases. Treatment is therefore necessarily symptomatic and directed to the relief of pain.

Massage has long been the treatment of choice. But in severe cases, adequate massage cannot begin at once; the affected muscles are too taut and tender. Days or even weeks may have to elapse before the patient can benefit from the stimulating effects of deep massage.

This "time-lag" has now been eliminated by the use of Lloyd's Adrenaline Cream.

Gentle massage over the affected myalgic spots with this cream brings rapid relief from pain and permits of more intensive treatment than would otherwise be possible.

Supplies are obtainable through all good chemists.

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Here's the Camelot Fire, the latest member of the famous Portcullis range—a model incorporating all the qualities that have made Portcullis fires so famous—yet within the price-range of the millions. The superb technical efficiency of Portcullis is all here—the silent, trouble-free burners and the distinctive 'waffle' shape radiants with their rich, deep glow. Ask to see the Camelot at your local gas showrooms. Price £6.18.11 (inc. tax).

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IT'S A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

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OR DO YOU TAKE
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The stronger capsule for greater protection

Rich in 'protective' Vitamin A
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Punch, September 19 1931

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**Elliman's Embrocation**

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Sheep
Shear them
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Petrol, vaporizing oil and diesel from 1 1/2 h.p. to 4 1/2 h.p.—air and water cooled.

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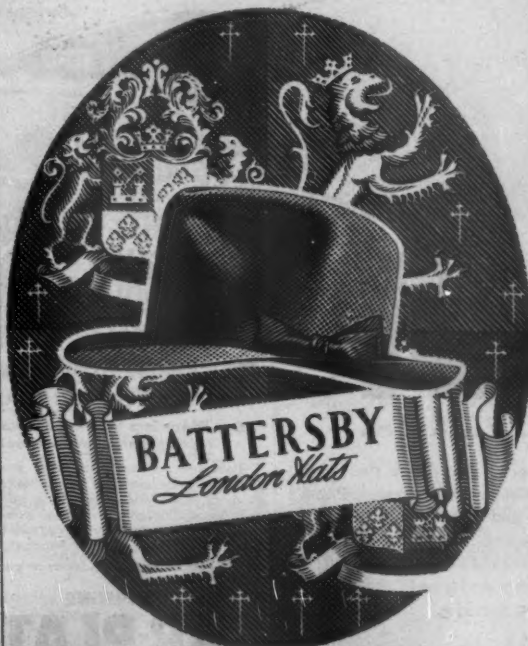
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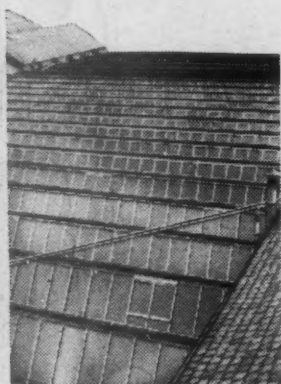
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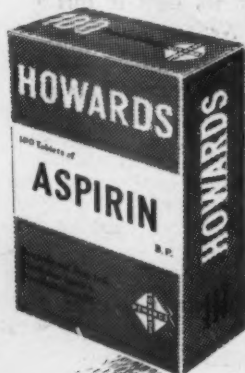


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used to show a growing nervous tension
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THE extra cares of to-day's housewife are seldom the prime cause of nervous exhaustion and lack of energy; these spring more often from Vitamin deficiencies associated with modern diet and habits of life. But Vitamins alone are not enough . . . it is important that they be combined with Iron, Calcium and Phosphorus as in the new 'Supavite' formula. Only this combination ensures full nutritional benefits from the complete daily ration of Vitamins A, B₁, B₂, C, D, E and Nicotinamide in 'Supavite' . . . thus two capsules (one amber and one black) every day will give you the extra energy you need. 5/- per box for 15 days' supply. At Chemists everywhere.

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4/1½. an ounce

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This is the wine
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A distinctive white wine
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**Stops radiation - - - retains
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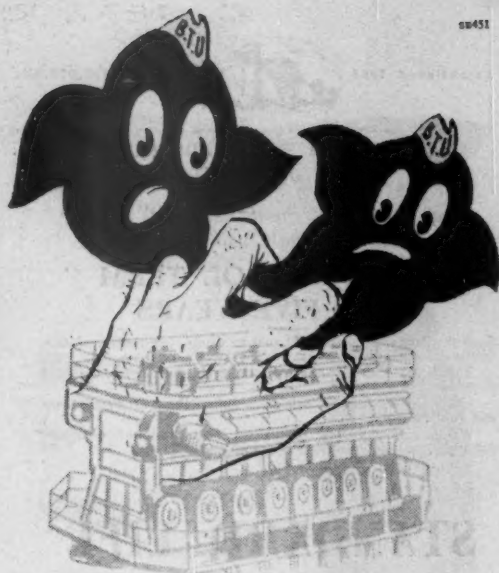
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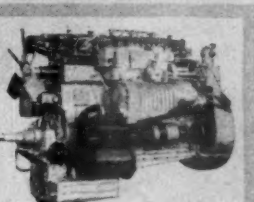
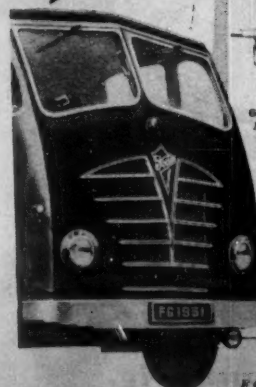


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- and we do mean power

Every quality of the new Foden supercharged two stroke engine developed over the last twelve years reveals the secret of its greater power—liveliness, smooth torque, compact size and light weight—and these factors signify economy too, in fuel consumption. Foden vehicles continue to justify the ever increasing confidence which experts place in them.

Foden



General Specification Type P.D.4 Engine.
No. of Cylinders 6, Bore 85 mm (3.35"),
Stroke 120 mm (4.72"), C.C. per cylinder
681 cu. (41.6"), Total Cubic Capacity
4086 cc. (250 c.in.), Maximum B.H.P.
at 2000 r.p.m. 150, B.M.E.P. at 2000 r.p.m.
100 lb./sq. in., Maximum Torque at
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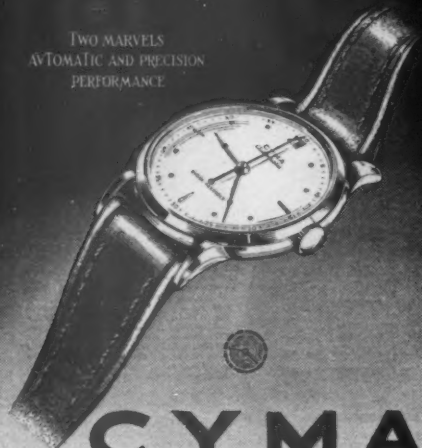
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